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THE OPPOSITION AND THE FRANCHISE BILL.

THE speeches which have been as yet delivered on the Franchise Bill have not on either side come up to the level of those delivered on former occasions of a similar kind. But this is hardly surprising, the debating power of the present House of Commons being very decidedly inferior to that of the House of Commons of sixteen or seventeen, not to say of fifty, years ago. On the side of the Opposition, however, Lord JOHN MANNERS and Mr. RAIKES were not unequal to the opportunity. On the side of the Government, Lord HARTINGTON accomplished his usual task of posing as a common-sense apologist, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN displayed his also familiar powers of inflammatory suggestion and personal abuse. It was somewhat obliging of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE to proclaim openly that one object of the enfranchisement of agricultural labourers is connected with the fact that they have been "robbed of their land." No agricultural labourer in this country has been robbed of a rood by legislation; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, by openly connecting the Franchise Bill with the not wholly consistent theories of Mr. HYNDMAN and Mr. GEORGE, has done a public service. After this the net may be said to have been spread openly in the sight of the moderate Liberal party, and it is their fault if they walk into it. When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says that the form of the Opposition amendment is "unreal," it is probably safe to substitute for that adjective "inconvenient"; and the country will appreciate his candid confession that he hopes the Bill will serve as an engine to promote agitation against the House of Lords. His stout declaration of adherence to the Irish proposals, expressed and understood, in the measure contrasts somewhat strikingly with Lord HARTINGTON's attempt to minimize Mr. GLADSTONE's statements as to Irish representation. Unfortunately experience goes to show that when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Lord HARTINGTON express different opinions, it is not generally Lord HARTINGTON's opinion which finally becomes that of the Cabinet. It is unnecessary to discuss Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's assertion that he has never known a candidate of the party opposed to him unwilling to truckle to the Irish vote. No one can speak to the state of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's knowledge save Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself. But, in fact, not more than two or three such trucklings, since the question of Home Rule became a burning one, can be charged against Conservatives, although these two or three are no doubt too many. Accuracy of statement is not Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's most remarkable characteristic; neither, it may be added, is relevance of argument. The greater part of his speech was solely occupied by polemical utterances of the kind which are familiar on Radical platforms, and which therefore may be supposed to be inspiring to Radical audiences.

Not the least part of the interest attaching to these speeches, however, centred on the speech of Mr. BRIGHT, the only representative in Mr. GLADSTONE's absence of the *promachi* in similar conflicts of old days. His entire speech may be divided into two parts, and both are instructive not only as to what is to be said for the Bill, but as to what ought to be said against it. For though nominally the Government is on its defence, and bound to show cause for the measure, practically, as every one knows, the case is different. The Bill itself is of the nature of an assault on the Constitution, and the lines of its attack, or rather of the attack of its champions, cannot be studied too nar-

rowly for the better resisting of it. Mr. BRIGHT's force, then, was marshalled in two columns. He first twitted the Conservatives with having set the example of throwing the franchise open in 1867, and then he tried to dispel the over-representation-of-Ireland argument. The first attack, as Mr. BRIGHT must himself have very well known, carried no weight with it. In the first place, one at least of the two Conservative leaders, and more than one of his principal lieutenants, is absolutely untouched by the sarcasm. In the second, no political party, and the Radical-Liberal party least of all, can afford to set up the principle that politicians are bound by what other politicians of the same general complexion did, or even by what they themselves did seventeen years ago. In the third, narrow as is his range of vision, and contemptuous as he is of all those who see more widely, Mr. BRIGHT knows perfectly well that his own estimate of the beneficial effect of the last Reform Act is not shared by his opponents, and that even those of them who consented to that Act are fully entitled to plead the correction of experience. And indeed, to do Mr. BRIGHT justice, such force as there was in his speech did not lie, and was evidently not meant to lie, in this sarcastic reference to 1867. He knew, as every one knows, that the real fight is not over what is in the Bill, but over what is not in it. And he bent all his energies (as far as he bent them at all) in this direction. That he made a good fight about Ireland, even his own side does not seem to think; but such fight as he did make he made on that subject.

The extreme difficulty which Mr. BRIGHT thus had in replying to Lord JOHN MANNERS's speech, and the tameness which pervaded the utterances of a speaker who is certainly not usually chargeable with that vice or virtue, showed clearly enough that the Opposition have hit the right nail on the head in choosing their amendment. Had they moved, as Mr. BRIGHT wishes that they had moved, the reading of the Bill this day six months, they would have no doubt made a very handsome present of the game to their opponents. The present majority only desires an opportunity of affirming some wide general proposition in conformity with what are called Liberal principles, and the refusal to entertain a Reform Bill *simpliciter* and *quâ* Reform Bill, would furnish them with an admirable opportunity for doing this and for avoiding difficulties. They would be able to employ the not very lethal weapon of sarcasm about 1867 with more force or with less weakness than at present; they could ring the changes on the great flesh-and-blood argument; they could reiterate the well-worn contrast of the man on this side of the street and the man on the other side of the street; they could, in short, luxuriate in all the commonplace and the cant which parties love because they divide them least. But with Lord JOHN MANNERS's amendment this course is, if not impossible—for almost all things are possible to a member of Parliament—at any rate so glaringly inadequate as to be dangerous of use. The amendment is a practical amendment, a statesmanlike amendment, an amendment exactly corresponding to the reflections which in the ordinary affairs of daily life sensible men make and ponder over before they take steps of momentous import. What are you going to do with these two millions when you have got them? is a question which cannot be honestly declared evasive or shifty except by a controversialist either too hot-headed to be willing to think or too wooden-headed to be able to perform that not too common operation. Mr. BRIGHT does not answer the question at all. He can only say that

the inhabitants of the Cave of 1866 were very disreputable people, that the Conservatives of to-day are inconsistent with the Conservatives of 1867, that the member for Cork is not a fool, and that the Act of Union may be altered in one political sense but must not be altered in another. It is no unfairness to say that the question, "What are you going to do with those two millions?" may be asked after Mr. BRIGHT's speech with even more pertinence than it could have been asked before it, because there is at least one distinguished politician who clearly cannot answer it. Mr. BRIGHT is not in the Ministry. But the intentions of the Ministry can hardly be said to have been more clearly or satisfactorily stated in Mr. GLADSTONE's reassertion of the doctrine of Centrifugal Representation and in Lord HARTINGTON's argument that, if the doctrine of Centrifugal Representation be not admitted, arrangements founded on the doctrine of Centrifugal Representation will doubtless not be maintained. The anxiety of the country is to know whether they will be maintained, and not to hear from Lord HARTINGTON a logical statement of the general connexion between antecedent and consequent. In short, though the sentence may sound and may be called cynical, the effectiveness of an Opposition may be best judged from the extent to which it seems to perplex the Government. It is tolerably evident hitherto that the Government is considerably perplexed, and to that perplexity there can be but two ends. Either some authoritative disclaimer of the intention to maintain the over-representation of Ireland must be given (in which case the effect on the party of the person who, according to Mr. BRIGHT, is not a fool is pretty clear), or both the present arbiters of the measure and those future arbiters who have to be taken into account will have to consider whether the greatest change short of an absolute revolution which has ever been introduced into the political system of any country is to be permitted in face of a positive assurance that that change is to inure to the benefit and preference of bad citizens and of a total absence of assurance how it is to be otherwise arranged and directed.

The Opposition therefore has, beyond all question, chosen a good fighting line, whether for the present purpose of converting, if possible, a great minority into a majority, or for the future one of handing over the question to other champions in such a state that those champions may be able to give a good account of it. It only remains that the battle shall be fought both on the second reading and in Committee, if necessary, with watchfulness and with determination. It has been repeatedly shown that the occasion is one for no niceness of choice about means and for no remissness in using them. With the exception of the Septennial Act, it would be difficult to mention any constitutional measure in English history which was so entirely a party move as this present Bill. It has been called for by no national demand; preluded by none of those exploring measures of proposed legislation, the defeat of which opens the way for future victories; necessitated by no altered circumstances in the life of the people. It is, as it has been called, a Continuance in Office Bill pure and simple. Short as it is, its object might be obtained still more shortly by a Bill of a single clause providing for the continuous filling of the great offices of State and the representation of the constituencies by some such machinery as that of the SIMEON Trustees. Against such a Bill all things are lawful that the law does not forbid, and all things are expedient that the practice of gentlemen does not discourage. Delay, counterworks, out-flanking tactics, are all good and all legitimate, and the chief thing necessary is that there should be no want of vigilance and no indulgence in apathy. This last fault is specially fatal, in both senses, to a party which defends the Constitution, as distinguished from one which attacks it. It was by no means creditable to the Conservative party last week that the vindication of the Spiritual Peers from the sectarian malice of Little Bethel and the Hall of Science should have been left to the Government and a contingent of Liberal members. Without these Messrs. WILLIS, WADDY, and Co. would have won a triumph, barren enough, no doubt, but gratifying to their feelings as an insult to the dominant Church. Not dissimilar apathy last year led to the most discreditable division of this not very creditable Parliament, and gave up the population of English garrison towns to the unrestricted ravages of loathsome disease. These things are not as they should be, and however dull a defensive war may be, it need not be, and ought not to be, fought dully.

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE great Republic which is, as usual, happy in having no history, has for some time scarcely furnished foreign newspapers with materials for half a dozen paragraphs. The trivial incident of the LASKER Resolution, and of Prince BISMARCK's refusal to transmit the document to the German Parliament, has attracted more attention in England than the preparations for a contest which was formerly regarded as highly important. Within little more than five months the Presidential electors will be chosen; and possibly the party which has not elected a President for nearly a quarter of a century may at last succeed in returning its candidate. The more important issue between Protection and Free-trade may then, perhaps, attract attention; but it will not be prosecuted with vigour as long as the advocacy of sound doctrines involves the risk of losing the votes of powerful States. English manufacturers and traders have a divided interest in the commercial policy of the Union. In the first instance a reduction of Customs duties would open a new market; but, on the other hand, Free-trade would render American competition far more formidable. English shipowners would especially regret the removal of the restrictions which have alone prevented the American merchant navy from recovering its former prosperity. The Democratic party which now controls the House of Representatives, and which may perhaps succeed in electing a President, is, notwithstanding some internal dissensions, still, on the whole, opposed to Protection. The Speaker, who was chosen as a Free-trader, nominated a Committee of Ways and Means which inclined to his own opinions. The Committee has now reported in favour of further reductions in the tariff to at least the extent which was announced at the beginning of last year's Session. The Protectionists, who then contrived to make the actual reduction almost nominal, are apparently losing ground both in the country and in Congress; but nothing definite will be done before the Presidential election.

The choice of nominees at the two great party Conventions is unusually difficult to anticipate. For the most part possible candidates think it prudent or decorous to affect disinclination or indifference; but there is no reason to doubt that any politician who may be nominated will overcome his scruples in pursuance of his duty to his party. The actual President, Mr. ARTHUR, makes no secret of his readiness to submit to re-election. He has discharged the duties of his office with credit; and he has especially deserved and acquired public favour by the liberality and good taste of his hospitalities at the White House. Before his election as Vice-President he was principally known as a political manager at New York; but he has risen without effort to a higher level. There is still a prejudice against re-election, except as a reward for extraordinary public services in such cases as those of LINCOLN and GRANT. Mr. ARTHUR's strength lies chiefly in his own State of New York, which will probably show a Democratic majority. The most conspicuous of his Republican competitors in New York is the late Secretary of State, Mr. BLAINE. It is doubtful whether Mr. BLAINE's turbulent proceedings as Secretary of State under General GARFIELD have been rewarded by personal popularity. His chances of success would perhaps be greater if it were generally understood that no other probable candidate would be so distasteful to foreign Governments. Mr. BLAINE's efforts to assert, under colour of the MONROE doctrine, a kind of protectorate over the Pacific States of South America augurs ill for his moderation and prudence. His differences in domestic politics with Mr. CONKLING, Mr. ARTHUR, and the so-called Stalwarts, transcend the comprehension of ignorant foreigners. Mr. EDMUNDS is another possible Republican nominee; and perhaps Mr. SHERMAN may once more find supporters. The active members of the party have no hesitation in announcing their intention of preferring the candidate who is most likely to win. It may be doubted whether Mr. ARTHUR or Mr. BLAINE satisfies the indispensable condition. In many former Conventions the successful aspirant has been unknown to the last moment. General GARFIELD attended the Republican Convention four years ago as one of the most active supporters of General GRANT. It was not till the objections to a third term of office were found to be insuperable that the Convention fell back on an active and respectable manager of elections.

Among the possible Democratic candidates one of the best known is Mr. CLEVELAND, now Governor of New York. General BUTLER is, in consequence of his defeat in Massa-

chusetts, eliminated from the list of possible nominees. There is in many parts of the Union, and especially in the Southern States, a strong feeling in favour of the candidates who, after obtaining a majority, were fraudulently deprived of the Presidency and Vice-Presidency in 1876. The election of Mr. TILDEN and Mr. HENDRICKS would afford some reparation for a scandalous injustice; and Mr. TILDEN still enjoys a high reputation for political sagacity. During the contest of eight years ago the Republican papers daily accused Mr. TILDEN of some supposed fraud; but perhaps political morality has since improved. The objection which is now more commonly urged against Mr. TILDEN is that he is far advanced in years; but some of his partisans are, it is said, in the habit of considering the candidate's age as a positive recommendation. An infirm President, likely to die before the end of his term, gives importance to the sinecure office of Vice-President. It might therefore be worth the while of some ambitious politician to take the place of Mr. HENDRICKS. The claims of General HANCOCK, who was Democratic candidate in 1880, have apparently been forgotten. Another possible nominee is Mr. PAYNE, who, like his competitors, conforms to the fashion by professing unwillingness to engage in the contest. Until the two Conventions have met in the spring or in the early summer, more activity will be displayed in promoting the interests of competitors for nomination than in the final trial of strength. At present the chances of success are on the side of the Democrats. Since its internal feuds in the city of New York have been composed, the party is probably strong enough to carry the State. Ohio has been wrested from the Republicans; but Pennsylvania adheres to the party which is most steadily opposed to freedom of trade. The Democratic managers rely with well-founded confidence on the solid support of the South. The enfranchisement of the coloured population has in its result disappointed its promoters. The superior race, having by more or less regular methods reasserted its predominance, will not forgive during the present generation the attempts of the Republican party to control the South after the civil war by means of the negro vote.

In 1880, and to a greater degree in 1876, the Presidential contest was supposed to turn on the condition and administration of the Southern States. The Republicans were naturally held responsible for General GRANT's high-handed policy of employing Federal troops to maintain order at State elections. On the other hand, the Democrats were accused of favouring the acts of violence which had been committed by the Ku Klux Society and similar organizations. If any intimidation is still practised against negro voters, order is not superficially disturbed, and there has for several years been no question of Federal interference with the domestic affairs of the Southern States. Foreign observers find it difficult to understand even the limited interest which the American people still feel in the choice of party nominees or in the subsequent election. The candidates and election managers profess to approve of Civil Service reform, and both parties promise, in the event of success, to execute the recent laws in spirit as well as in letter. The manipulators of Conventions and Caucuses perhaps already find that the springs of their machinery are beginning to show signs of weakness. Competitive examinations and official fixity of tenure would, if they became universal and permanent, disarm the most skilful operators. Since the first establishment of General JACKSON's principle that the spoils belong to the victors, posts in the public service have been openly distributed or promised in payment for votes. If the spoils are henceforth to be at the disposal of Civil Service Commissioners and Examiners, the currency which has been employed in political transactions will have been effectually demonetized. The change is for the present only inchoate or impending. Veteran practitioners observe with pleasure and sympathy that almost all office-holders support the re-election of the PRESIDENT, in apparent confidence that their loyalty will not be unrewarded. It is not known whether a Democratic President would imitate his predecessors in former times by substituting followers of his own for all Republican holders of office. As far as the higher posts are concerned, he would be held in check by the Senate, which still maintains a small Republican majority; but he will assuredly be urged by his followers to give them an ample share of the good things which have now for many years been enjoyed by the Republicans. The custom, though it may have been partially affected by Civil Service Reform Bills, has not been

allowed by the present Government to lapse into desuetude. Within the last year a head of a department was allowed with impunity to levy for political purposes a percentage on the salaries of his subordinates. Wealthy partisans are still expected to contribute liberally to the expenses of elections. The process is at present in full operation, as preparatory to the contest, or, as it is called, the campaign. Single votes are too numerous to command a price in the market, and there is probably no direct pecuniary corruption; but lavish provision is made for the expenses of canvassing and of party agitation, and there is an understanding that contributors and paymasters shall in case of success be rewarded by office.

EGYPT.

ONCE more on Tuesday the policy of being instant, in season and out of season, in demanding explanations from the Government as to its Egyptian schemes was justified of its works. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's speech may have had drawbacks, but it certainly elicited from Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE two remarkable disclosures. With the very worst grace in the world, the UNDER-SECRETARY for FOREIGN AFFAIRS admitted that General GRAHAM's force was going to try to find OSMAN DIGMA to give him a third beating; and that the Government regarded the keeping open or opening of the road from Souakim to Berber as of the very greatest importance. Of course Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE, when his avowals were put into plain language for him by Mr. GORST and Mr. COWEN, protested that he had said nothing of the kind. The less skilful members of the Government imitate freely their leader's license of disclaimer; but they omit to prepare the way for this evolution by their leader's admirable ambiguity of language. A plain blunt statement is not to be got out of by an equally plain and blunt denial of having stated it. But not even the arts of the PRIME MINISTER or of his own predecessor in the responsible office of dressing up foreign facts for home consumption could have saved Lord EDMOND. The news which arrived next day by telegraph, unintelligible on any other hypothesis, is intelligible on the hypothesis that the Government has done what Lord EDMOND first said they intended to do, and then said that he did not say they intended to do. The weary and wondering troops who, if the Government had heeded what was plainly set before them, would have been at Berber and Khartoum in January, have once more set forward to cover the thrice travelled ground between Souakim and Tamanieb, in order to kill more Arabs if the Arabs would come and be killed, and to come back again if the Arabs declined to come and be killed. The Arabs did decline to be killed in any numbers, and the force came or is coming back again. As the capture of Souakim by OSMAN is not, it may be supposed, considered now likely even by English Radicals who support the Government, this movement would be inexplicable but for Lord EDMOND's unwilling frankness. As it is, it appears that it is after a manner explicable. The troops went to find and beat OSMAN once more, and they went to open the route to Berber with the aid of the friendly tribes. By this time these friendly tribes are known pretty well. They are and will be friendly as far as English power is visibly shown, and no further. Therefore, if the road to Berber is to be opened with their aid, it will be opened by them in conjunction with English troops and not otherwise. It could have been, and should have been, opened in the same fashion three months ago. But it would then have been done in the cold season, not in the hot season, and in all probability with insignificant bloodshed, instead of with a preliminary deluge of blood. That is the difference between the ways of PROMETHEUS and the ways of EPIMETHEUS.

Unfortunately there is a further disadvantage in the Epimethean fashion of acting. Not only is it more difficult and costly to do things as afterthoughts, but it occasionally becomes impossible to do them. Readers of the telegrams from Souakim on Thursday morning must have been of a sanguine disposition if they were hopeful as to the accomplishment of the programme of which the Government have allowed glimpses. It is generally held that in about a fortnight action, by English troops, in this particular part of the Soudan (which is either in, or close to, the very hottest district of the whole earth) will become impracticable. The accounts of the newspaper Correspondents seem to show that it has already become foolhardy to the extent

almost of madness. That there may have been some shamming among the hundreds of men who fell out on Tuesday is possible, for the troops are known not to be best pleased with the aimless and unexplained, but exceptionally severe, work on which they have been set. But this is far from being a very comforting or satisfactory explanation in itself, and it is besides certain that it does not apply to the majority of the cases. The cruel folly of keeping a small force unrelieved, unreinforced, imperfectly and improperly equipped, and composed in large part of men who have already had their full share of exposure to the weakening effects of Eastern climate, marching and counter-marching in such a furnace when England possesses thousands and scores of thousands of troops admirably suited for the work, would need no exposing if it were not the act of an immaculate Government and a more immaculate PRIME MINISTER. As it is, the patience which has received unmoved the greatest slaughter of enemies for the least intelligible cause recorded in the recent annals of English warfare may possibly be extended to this reckless harassing and jeopardizing of English troops. It would, however, be a bold man who cared to stand in Mr. GLADSTONE'S shoes, should the obstinate resistance of the Arabs inflict any disaster on General GRAHAM'S wearied and overtasked handful of men. For the present there is no immediate danger of this, as the Arabs have refrained from all but nominal resistance. But no one who reads the telegrams above referred to, and who remembers Tamasi, can say that such a disaster is out of the question, though it may be hoped that it is improbable. The risk is run, as Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE has said, for the sake of opening the road to Berber. It may be more than doubted whether at the present moment that opening is physically possible. And if it is not, General GORDON and Khartoum must simply be left to the enemies who at the latest news surrounded and threatened them, and who would certainly be encouraged by the intelligence that the English generals who threatened to go to Berber cannot get there. The time which would have enabled troops to be sent by the long way up the Nile has been lost just as the time for sending them by the short Souakim-Berber route has been lost. Everywhere the Procrastination Department has achieved a brilliant success, a success which should be the less grudged that it is the one single department of the present Government's administration which has been so favoured. It is true that, as it in a way pervades and influences all other departments, they may claim a share of its success.

There has been in recent years no more striking illustration of the audacity or the blindness of party spirit than the complacency with which not a few of the supporters of the Government contemplate the blunders of their leaders in this matter. It would puzzle the most generous apologist to devise any coherent series of explanations or excuses for the Government policy, regard being had to historical truth. On the principles of their original statements, General GRAHAM'S expedition had no *locus standi* on Soudanese ground at all except to defend the walls of Souakim. On the principles of intelligent policy, it should have been sent three months earlier. On the principles of military science and of common sense, it should have been differently composed, differently equipped, and have pursued from the first a clear and definite line of action. Turn from Souakim to Khartoum, and the same paltering, the same hesitation—to use the words of one of the chief apologists of the Ministry—shows itself. It was understood that General GORDON went out with an absolute *carte blanche* to use the means he might think best, and the very first important proposition he makes—the appointment of ZOBEIR—is refused by the Government which has sent him as a lamb among wolves. It was understood that every demand of his for support would be granted, and yet the “British troops,” to whom he has repeatedly referred in his proclamations, are not on their way, and apparently cannot be got on that way. The remarkable mission of two English officers to Berber with money but without troops, which is now announced, can hardly be said to be a compliance with his wishes; but it seems to indicate that General GRAHAM will not leave Souakim just yet. To the military as to the political historian, the steps taken in the Soudan by Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government up to this time must, taken by themselves, and regarded as parts of a general and intelligent design, ever remain a hopeless enigma, an enigma only to be matched in hopelessness by the Gladstonian policy in Egypt proper. Yet

any discussion of these things in the proper assembly for their discussion, any prayer for light, any remonstrance with the mixture of rashness and reluctance which is dignified by the name of the Government policy, is howled at by Radicals of a certain type as treason in their fellow-Radicals and faction in Tories. To play pranks with the Constitution of the country, to tinker the franchise and potter with registration and redistribution—things which not a few candid Radicals in private conversation will acknowledge to be of no import whatever save a party import—is applauded as real statesmanship. To squander the blood of English soldiers in streams and of Arabs in oceans, to play chuck-farthing with the interests of the country, to wait on Providence in the hope apparently that Providence will somehow be kind enough to recall the gift which England cannot manage, this, perhaps, is statesmanship too.

LEASEHOLD ENFRANCHISEMENT.

THE principle of the Irish Land Bill is, as might be expected, fructifying in the imagination of theorists, more or less sincere, and of political adventurers. The more audacious Socialists affect to justify wholesale robbery by the enumeration of the beneficial purposes to which hundreds of thousands or millions of revenue might be applied if it were only released from the encumbrance of private ownership. Other projectors, at the same time less consistent and less dishonest, propose to interfere in detail with proprietary rights for the supposed advantage of the community or of certain classes. Some changes in leasehold tenure may, perhaps, be fit subjects for remedial legislation; but Mr. BROADHURST'S Bill, as it was introduced, contained flagrantly unjust provisions, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S language was justly stigmatized by a member of his own party as rank and cynical communism. The denunciation by a member of a ducal family of the owner of Belgrave Square may be described in the language which JOHNSON applied to another anomalous performance. “It is not well done; but the wonder is that it should be done at all.” Practical paradoxes generally attain their principal object by making bystanders stare. In serious argument Belgrave Square would not have been chosen as an instance of bad administration. If all urban freeholds were administered like the Westminster estate, many of the arguments which were urged against leasehold tenure would become inapplicable. Petty speculators who run up flimsy suburban houses would continue their operations if they were compelled first to buy the land, and then to sell the houses when they were completed. The statement that there is no freedom of contract between landlords and lessees would, as far as it has any meaning, be equally applicable to vendors and purchasers of land, or indeed of any other commodity. It is true that owners in the City or in Kensington enjoy a monopoly; but all property, real or personal, is equally exclusive. If a man's business makes it necessary for him to occupy premises in Bloomsbury or in Southwark, he would be as much compelled to pay the price of a freehold, if such a tenure were universal, as to hire the buildings at a rent fixed by competition under the system which now prevails.

Scarcely any speaker in the late debate ventured to support the scheme of compulsory purchase at the instance of any existing tenant who might have an unexpired term of twenty years. A prospective enactment to the same effect, though it would be less flagrantly unjust, would cause the greatest inconvenience. The objection which has been urged against agricultural tenant-right applies equally to houses; though it is fair to admit that Mr. BROADHURST has not proposed, like the agitators of the Farmers' Alliance, to confer a perpetuity on the tenant without compensation. In either case the owner, if he was unable or unwilling to occupy his house or his land, would be prevented from letting it, except at the risk of losing it altogether. It might, indeed, be possible to evade Mr. BROADHURST'S legislation by letting houses for nineteen years; but all the evils which are attributed to leasehold tenure would be aggravated by limitation of the customary term. The option of purchase is, according to the Bill, not reciprocal. It is true that in that case compulsion would be often impracticable. In other words, Mr. BROADHURST'S measure is intrinsically and necessarily unequal. The Bill expressly provided for the non-allowance of the percentage which is usually added to the cost of land taken for

public purposes. The tribunal by which the purchase-money was to be assessed was required to assume, in contradiction to the fact, that the transaction was on both sides voluntary. Up to the present time Parliament has constantly refused expropriation for the benefit of private persons. The issue has frequently been raised when railway companies have promoted lines to single collieries with the proposed result of extinguishing way-leaves. If the practice were altered or reversed, it would be a strange proceeding to give purchasing lessees more favourable terms than those which are granted to a public company or a corporation.

One advocate of the measure urged as an argument in its favour the assertion that it was desired in Scotland; yet it is notorious that in that country building land is almost always alienated in perpetuity to freeholders who pay few duties or ground-rents to the superior or lessor. The custom might perhaps be advantageously extended beyond a limited number of districts in England, where a similar tenure has been found expedient; but it is seldom the business of Parliament to interfere with voluntary arrangements. There must be economical reasons for a custom which has become general. It appears that in some parts of the country the more objectionable tenure of leases for lives still survives. The combination of a suzerainty with a duration of perhaps seventy or eighty years seems to serve no useful purpose.

Both the Scotch and the English systems have hitherto been recommended by the almost perfect security which they provided for the payment of the fee-duty or ground-rent. One of the speakers in the debate inaccurately stated that the main object of the London freeholder was to obtain the largest possible ground-rent. It is true that, as long leases fall in, ground-rent is almost always raised; but the owners are prudent enough to take care that it bears a small proportion to the actual value of the premises. The rack-rent, if it has not been commuted in the form of purchase-money, is for the most part payable to the first lessee. The reversion, if it comes into the market, commands but a small price during the earlier years of a long lease, though the hope of enriching remote descendants may probably have a tendency to maintain the practice of granting terminable leases. As the ATTORNEY-GENERAL showed, Mr. BROADHURST'S Bill would have sometimes vested the reversion in the occupier for a nominal price. It is possible that the recent agitation against the rights of urban as of rural proprietors may induce some landlords to sell their property instead of reletting it at the termination of existing leases. On the other hand, the increasing difficulty of finding safe investments may serve as a reason for the retention of ground rents and of terminable or perpetual leases.

In the more prosperous parts of London there is probably but a moderate demand for freehold houses. If the great metropolitan estates were broken up, they would for the most part be bought by speculative builders or contractors, though in some instances occupiers might wish to become absolute owners. Only a certain number of residents of the upper and middle classes regard London as the permanent home of their families; and provident householders, before they effected a purchase, would remember the changes of local fashion which are perhaps not yet exhausted. Fifty years ago, the bankers, merchants, and judges who now swarm in South Kensington were content to live in the roomy streets and squares of Bloomsbury. Since that time the respectable district on the north of Hyde Park has flourished, and perhaps begun to fade. Mr. BROADHURST and his supporters would, perhaps, disclaim any special solicitude for the interests of the richer classes of occupiers. The fragile and ill-drained tenements which are run up in the suburbs for the use of clerks and artisans are undoubtedly not conducive to health or comfort; but it would be difficult to prevent the purchase of lots of building land by speculators with the intention of sub-letting houses when they have been constructed as cheaply as possible. Modes of dealing with property which have been widely adopted are always the result of economic causes. Arbitrary interference invariably tends to check both cheapness and convenience.

The outskirts of some manufacturing towns consist of cottages which for the most part belong to the actual occupiers. The laws which regulate the tenure of land are the same in Birmingham and in Leeds as in London; and the provincial freeholders have not acquired their possessions by the legislative expropriation of former lessors. If the circumstances differ, it is idle to complain that the results are not identical. One obvious peculiarity of London con-

sists in the high value of land, and in the consequent waste which would be caused by the construction of houses only large enough for the occupation of single families of the poorer class. In the heart of the town large buildings, such as those of the Peabody or Waterlow trustees, are incomparably cheaper and more convenient than separate cottages. Neither Mr. BROADHURST nor his competitor, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, appeared to have taken into consideration the complicated questions which would still arise if the rights of house-owners were summarily abolished. Almost all the other speakers in the debate admitted the impracticable crudity of Mr. BROADHURST'S proposals, though the division represented a vague and inaccurate belief that the scheme might perhaps be rendered just and practicable by alterations of detail. If it were proved that the system of building leases was injurious to the community, there might be some ground for endeavouring to prohibit the future existence of a mischievous tenure. The proposed remedy of allowing the occupier at his pleasure to buy out the landlord involved a confession that no rational plea for establishing a change of system had yet been devised.

ANDORRA.

THE dispute which has arisen between France and Spain—a controversy which can hardly have any important consequences—on the subject of Andorra must have led many readers of the newspapers to ask themselves what there could be to dispute about. It is true that at the present time the French nation, disabled by the arms and by the diplomacy of Germany from throwing all Europe into confusion, finds its satisfaction in threatening or attacking, on any or no pretext whatever, those countries from which a serious resistance is not to be expected. The public opinion of France, in spite of the severe lessons which the country has received, has not yet reconciled itself to the patent fact that France is no longer able to dictate to her neighbours and to the world at large. But the illusions which have beguiled the French mind from the days of LOUIS XIV. to the fall of NAPOLEON III. are such as do not die easily. To be the great nation, to have the lead in the politics of the world, to determine its affairs in accordance with the desires of France, was the ambition of half a dozen generations of Frenchmen. It was an ambition fed and worked upon by nearly every French statesman. In Europe, Asia, and America, the attempt was persistently made to render France the predominating Power in the world. During the last century the plans of France for founding an Empire in Asia and America were frustrated by England, and in the present century her preponderance in Europe, at one moment almost complete, has been overthrown. It is now impossible for the most imaginative of French patriots to think that France can play the same part in European affairs which she could play when surrounded by weak, decrepit, and divided neighbours. Her neighbours are now either strong States, too strong to be lightly assailed, or, which comes to the same thing, small States the maintenance of whose integrity is in the interests of the Great Powers. These facts have more and more, within the last few years, driven the French Government to satisfy the ambition of the French people, or the financial interests of French traders, by seeking influence in new directions. The action of France in Tonquin, Tunis, and Madagascar is due solely to the fact that her favourite part in Europe is played out. Still, something may be done even in Europe; and to assert French influence on the south side of the Pyrenees may be some kind of consolation for not being able any longer to assert it on the Rhine or beyond the Alps.

Andorra is one of the few European States which, like San Marino and Monaco, have not been absorbed into the larger countries of the same speech and blood by which they are surrounded. But it differs from San Marino and Monaco in the fact that its frontiers touch those of two other countries. When Cracow was annexed by Austria in 1846, the disturbance which the act produced in the diplomatic world was due to the impression which it made that the Treaties of 1815 were no longer to be held binding. Otherwise it might have been incorporated by Austria almost without notice. The only reason why the tiny Republic of San Marino does not now form part of the kingdom of Italy is that its existence as an independent State does no harm to anybody, and that its union with Italy would do no appreciable good to anybody.

Andorra is the debatable land between France and Spain; and it is not unnatural that, after the recent irritation caused on both sides of the Pyrenees by the unpleasant events which attended the visit of the King of Spain to Paris, any trifling difference between the two countries should be made the most of. The "Andorra question," as it has been called in the telegrams, is in itself one of the smallest. It consists in the fact that Andorra furnishes a convenient base of operations and place of refuge for smugglers, robbers, and all that class of persons who are "wanted" by the police. The reason why France is more interested in the matter than Spain is, apart from French love of interference, that France, as the richer country, has probably suffered more than Spain from those who find Andorra a convenient residence or halting-place. The natives themselves are, from all accounts, a people remarkably simple, honest, and industrious. Their history and their relations to the two countries are very curious. The "State" of Andorra, if one can apply the name to a district resembling the smallest of the Swiss cantons, is said, in popular story, to have been "founded" by CHARLEMAGNE. According to the legend, which may have had a foundation of fact, the independence of Andorra was granted by CHARLEMAGNE in return for the services which the natives rendered to him in the wars with the infidels by which he extended the southern frontiers of his Empire to the Ebro. At the same time the "suzerainty" over Andorra was conferred on the neighbouring Bishop of Urgel. It is needless to say that bishops were then persons of more territorial importance than they now are, in Spain or elsewhere. The rights conferred by CHARLEMAGNE were confirmed by LOUIS le Débonnaire. Four centuries later, the Comte DE FOIX was also invested with a kind of sovereignty over Andorra, the already existing rights of the Bishop of URGEL being expressly reserved. The Counts of FOIX became in the course of time Counts of Bearn and Kings of Navarre; and, when HENRY IV. came to the throne of France, his ancestral rights over the little peasant community became vested in the French Crown. With what justice those who are proud that their grandfathers destroyed the French monarchy, and appealed from documents and inherited rights to nature and reason, can now found their pretensions on these self-same documents and inherited rights it is not easy to see. According to reason and nature, it is perfectly clear that Andorra should be Spanish. The little Republic lies south of the Pyrenees; the language is a dialect of Spanish; the people are, and always have been, mainly of Spanish blood; all their traditions associate them with Spain. If inheritance is to decide the matter, then the Comte DE CHAMBERD and his successors, the present ORLEANS Princes, would be those who would divide the sovereignty of Andorra with the Bishop of URGEL. It is stupid to have recourse to this principle in one case and to repudiate it in another—to turn out, on the ground that mere technical right is of no value, a dynasty which had ruled for centuries in France, and then appeal, in a controversy with a foreign country, to documents which at home are treated as nothing better than old parchment.

Perhaps the pleasure of baiting a Bishop may have had something to do with the action of the present Cabinet in France. We read that the negotiations between the Bishop and the French Government have been marked by great courtesy. In this case we may safely conjecture that the soft answer was on the side of the Bishop. There is, indeed, no reason whatever why France should have any rights at all south of the Pyrenees. Spain neither is nor is likely to be a dangerous enemy to France. The only time when she was so was when Spain was only a part of the great Empire of CHARLES V. Since then Spain has not been an aggressor, but rather on account of its possessions the bone of contention between other Powers. France has every reason to be happy at home. Nobody wants to attack or molest her in any way. She is in many respects the most happily situated country in Europe. There is, if not greater wealth, at least more diffused wealth in France than in any other European country. The problems which an expanding population brings with it are of less importance in France than elsewhere. The population of France remains stationary; and for this reason alone the French desire to have a colonial empire, or to exercise that influence on the affairs of the world which an expanding country can and must exercise are denied to her. But there are in France means for a prosperous national life which hardly exist in any other country. The mere fact that her population does not increase, though it shuts

her out from the great politics of the world, ensures her a freedom from the troubles which perplex the statesmen of growing countries. Only it is essential that Frenchmen should recognize facts; that they should give up old illusions, which history has shown to be no more than empty dreams; and that they should be content to play the honourable part which is always open to any nation if it is at once gifted and modest. The dominating part which France once played is gone for her, as for all other nations; and in this question of Andorra, as in others, France will find the principle of give and take to be the wisest. France is so isolated that she cannot afford even to quarrel with Spain.

THE CATTLE BILL.

THE machine of Parliamentary government, as it is understood by our present rules, is like the ill-horsed hansom commonly to be seen in the streets. It cannot be set going without a great deal of shoving and pushing at the wheels, to a chorus of shouting, rattling of sticks in hats, and even blasphemy. When voluntary assistance is at hand, the vehicle can be got under way and despatched on its erratic course easily enough. When cabby is left to his own resources, then a dreadful pother of strong language is kept overhead. There is a despatching of small boys to public-houses, desperate appeals and lavish offers of beer are made to the passer-by, and there the cab sticks with its backing hack, a spectacle to loafers and nursery-maids. Even so is it with Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet when a Bill has to be driven through the Houses. Nothing can be done till the momentum is given by meetings, deputations, and infinite clamour of outsiders. It has now come to such a pitch that the first thing a Minister has to do is to look about for a mob to push behind. He must summon spirits from the vasty deep to help on his work, and, if they do not come (and they are certainly becoming very restive), then, by way of terrifying opponents, it must be roundly asserted that they are really coming. In the meantime an air of plausibility is given to the dreadful threat by dressing up the most imposing bogies. All the Ministers together declare that the country is clamouring for the Franchise Bill. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is in the habit of saying three or four times a week that there is a deep and earnest persuasion in the minds of voters as to the pressing necessity of his particular measure. Now BRUTUS is an honourable man, and is, of course, firmly convinced of the truth of every word he utters; but to those of us who have not the good luck to have access to his exceptional sources of information, the existence of this popular persuasion seems at least doubtful. It is certainly curious that we should need to learn it at second-hand. Very juvenile politicians can remember agitations which contrived to assert themselves in a most unmistakable way and had no need to be revealed by Ministers. There are meetings held all over the country, and deputations come up to recommend this, and protest against that, but somehow they do not ring so true as they used to do when Mr. PLIMSOLL was a reality and the Bulgarian a pet. When we hear that the sailors of a second-rate port have held a meeting and unanimously voted that the Shipping Bill should be referred to a Grand Committee, and have utterly abhorred the notion of a Select Committee, nobody is much impressed. It is so very doubtful whether the honest fellows know the difference between the two things, and then their votes are so much like an echo of noises heard long ago in Biruingham—the new "other place" on which the House of Commons has now to keep its eye.

Now it seems that the country—the poor country which is at every agitator's beck and call—not content with being wildly excited by the Franchise and Shipping Bills, is fiercely intent on seeing the Cattle Bill carried. Of course it is not the measure now before the House of Commons in its revised and corrected form, but the first edition which has won the hearts of the familiar spirits of our wonder-working Ministers. The country has come in a body to ask Mr. FORSTER to tell Mr. DONSON that it wants the first Bill, the whole of the first Bill, and nothing but the first Bill. The member for Bradford has taken the message, and has given voice to the desire of the country in his place in Parliament, and now we know that there is yet another agitation to be taken into account. We live in an age of curious little enthusiasms, but this cult of Mr. DONSON'S Bill—or

is it Lord CARLINGFORD's?—is the funniest idol-worship we have yet seen. It has shot up more swiftly than JACK's beanstalk. Yesterday it was not, and now it overshadows the country, at least Mr. FORSTER and Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD say so. Then the nature of the worship is as wonderful as its rapid growth. The country is, it seems, greatly moved on behalf of two clauses of a little Bill introduced at the last moment and very unwillingly by a Ministry in abject fear of mutiny in its own camp. When Mr. FORSTER speaks of his moderation, which he does every time he opens his mouth on the subject, he very frankly confesses that he does not like the original Bill. He and his friends think it a dangerous measure. They do not see the necessity for it, and they do think it will lead to mischief. Nevertheless, they are prepared to support it, because, after the vote of last Session, something had to be done; because, if the Ministry played at being deaf, it would certainly have its attention aroused in an unpleasant fashion by the representatives of the agricultural interest; and because, whatever mischief the Bill may do, anything is better than the overthrow of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet. Now as Mr. FORSTER, Mr. A. ARNOLD, Mr. ROGERS, and the deputation are, on their own showing, the spokesmen of the country, we come to a curious result. The country, it seems, is prepared to accept a Bill for restricting the importation of cattle from countries not free from foot-and-mouth disease provided the measure is wholly the work of the Ministry. It would, so its alleged representatives say, rather leave the thing alone; but to save Mr. GLADSTONE it will submit to a disagreeable necessity. Only let him say that he smites for purposes of his own, and such is the devotion of the country that it will kiss the rod. All it asks is that Mr. GLADSTONE shall choose the rod. Now there are unquestionably persons official and unofficial to whom this may seem credible; but, to everybody who is not in the bodyguard of our Mahdi, it is hard of belief. The English people, including the Scotch, will, as we now know, accept much from Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet; but it may be doubted whether it will submit to the rifling of its breeches' pocket. Its mansuetude, as described for our edification, surpasses all the virtues of the saints. Before we believe that Leviathan has presented his nostrils for the hook so humbly as this, we should like to have better security than the word of Mr. FORSTER, who has voted yes after speaking no too often of late, or of Mr. ARNOLD, who is professedly acting against his own convictions in giving any support to the Cattle Bill at all.

There is, indeed, nothing in all this theatrical agitation which need scare the Opposition. It is too manifestly a mere *chimera bombinans in vacuo*. If the country were really frightened at the Cattle Bill, and disturbed with fears of dear meat, it would not be so gingerly in its resistance. It would refuse to have anything to do with the measure, and say so plainly enough. Neither would the Bill ever have been heard of if the Ministry had not known well that it had no choice but to take steps of some kind. It was introduced because the Cabinet well knew that it would not be supported in any further attempt to treat the vote of last Session on Mr. CHAPLIN's motion as if it had never been given. Ministers want to do as little as they can, and do it under compulsion, in order that, if at any future time they are accused of not sufficiently considering the interests of the town population, they may be able to say that they submitted to pressure. The ricketty agitation now being nursed by the Ministerial press in town and country is as much a makeshift as the unamended Bill. A popular movement which takes so much count of the fortunes of a Cabinet is a very half-hearted business. If the Bill is needed at all, it should be effectual; and to be that it must make it a matter of necessity for the President of the Council to refuse admittance to cattle coming from countries which cannot show a clean bill of health. If the need of more stringent legislation has been proved, and if it has not the Bill should never have been brought in at all, then the limitation of the duration of the Act to two years which Ministers are striving to reintroduce is useless. The only reason for its existence is their wish to do the least they can, and for the shortest time. Two years hence, unless their hopes are more modest than anybody takes them to be, they expect to have a House in which members who think like Mr. CHAPLIN may be safely disregarded. There is nothing in the Bill to compel the exclusion of cattle from healthy countries, and the Ministry has already undertaken to exclude those which come from those which are infected. On their own showing, therefore, they may

reasonably accept the Duke of RICHMOND's amendments, and their private motives for rejecting them afford the Opposition its best reason for insisting that they should be retained.

AMERICAN COLLECTORS.

"THIS is where our money goes," said the publisher to his partner when they dined with a hospitable author. "This is where our books go to," a European—and especially an Englishman—may say when he reads the series of little books on the Private Libraries of Philadelphia. To the dweller in the old world, whatever he may collect, the American competitor is naturally odious. We do not know that the American market has yet developed a taste for Scarabs. "Gather ye scarabs while ye may" is, therefore, the motto of every one of the few and fortunate amateurs into whose hands Mr. LOFTIE's pretty *Essay of Scarabs* has fallen. The American is probably just awakening from the sleep of ignorance, with a healthy appetite for beetles "inscribed," like the Virgilian flower, "with the names of kings." He will soon know all about dates and glazes and dynasties, and refuse to be taken in by a sham Scarab of THOTHMES III. Meantime the American collector chiefly shows his vivacity in the matter of books. He has raised prices three- or fourfold all round the European market. He has privily suborned certain of the dealers in old books to send him the cream of their collections, and they prefer the alien dollar to the scanty shilling of the native amateur. What the Americans most love to collect are old books about their own country. Even such unattractive looking series as the *Lettres Edifiantes sur la Nouvelle France* are hunted for all through England and France on this side of the Atlantic. The slimmest and dingiest pamphlets of planters, politicians, missionaries, and Boston ministers are bound in morocco and fine leather, and are quite beyond the reach of the few students who want to read them. Fortunately, the British Museum is rich in Americana, and any one who can face the atmosphere of the Museum Reading-room may find out what he wants to know. But to buy books touching on the past of America, on the native races, and on the "pow-wow" for which the Puritans (with their usual intolerance) fined the poor Redskins, has become practically impossible. These treatises go to decorate the shelves of New York millionaires, who probably never read them. Ultimately they will drift, no doubt, into American public libraries, and be at the service of the future historian. If we may judge by modern American works on ancient native history and native beliefs, the old Americana are collected rather than read in the States. They have been made to throw about as much light on the past of the native peoples as Nankin porcelain in an English house throws on the mediæval records of the Flowery Land.

America is not at all content with carrying back all the books which touch, even faintly, on her own antiquities. Her citizens are keen to possess whatever is valued in Europe, and, as some of us know to our cost, have a perfect fury for autographs. Many a British scribbler, wholly unknown by name to his countrymen, has letters from bold young ladies "on Algonkin Avenoo," maidens as enterprising as the dauntless daughter of the carpenter in *The Bread-winners*. These adventurous ones demand his autograph, and declare that they will certainly come to see him when they visit Europe. To these flattering advances silence is the only safe reply, yet the British author goes round with a sad, weary feeling that a literary lady's heart is wilting "on Algonkin Avenoo." However, the owner of the heart has probably more responsive correspondents, and casts her net widely enough to catch many of the small fry of letters. America is now the home of the hated Grangerite, who makes up one bulky and larcenous volume by cutting engravings out of any book he may come across and binding them together into a folio.

If we may judge by a description of the "Library of GEO. W. CHILDS" in a Philadelphia series of pamphlets, DICKENS's autographs and letters from emperors are very highly prized by the Transatlantic curious. Among tables of ebony brought from the land of the gorillas by M. DU CHAILLU, and carpets from unique designs by OWEN JONES, are storked the treasures of Mr. CHILD. He possesses—sweet boon—a manuscript sermon of the Rev. COTTON MATHER, full of "the love which sainted" COTTON "bore to all who came behind him or before." He also has

LEIGH HUNT's poems, a copy presented in 1844 to the creator of HAROLD SKIMPOLE. There is something very moving in the sight of this offering of unsuspecting affection. More interesting still is a copy of *Hood's Annual*, with a MS. poem addressed to DICKENS on the eve of the voyage whence he brought back MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT's impressions of the United States.

May he shun all rocks whatever,
And the shallow sand that lurks,
And his passage be as clever
As the best among his works.

Such is the lyric prayer of TOM HOOD.

FITZGREENE HALLECK, whoever he may have been, and his poem on "Alnwick Castle" is also represented in Mr. CHILDS's collection. Here, at last, is a prize which jealous Europe does not envy. A MS. of BRYANT's translation of the *Iliad* will also be most highly esteemed, no doubt, in BRYANT's own country. A nine-page folio of Mr. LOWELL's "June Idyll" recalls the fact that eighteen years passed in the construction of that poem. So many Aprils in hot summers burned between 1850, when the "June Idyll" was begun, to 1868, when it was finished, with very few alterations. The manuscript of Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue* has a curious history. It is written in Poe's beautiful minute hand on seventeen large folio sheets of paper. An office-boy picked the MS. out of the waste-paper basket of a journal about 1841. Twice the rooms of the finder (who had become a photographer) were burned between 1847 and 1850, and once again in 1857; but the MS. of the *Murders in the Rue Morgue* always escaped fire and water. From 1861 to 1864 the owner was fighting his country's battle; but, when peace returned, he discovered the MS. in an old music-book. He then became a hotelkeeper; and the indestructible MS. pursued him, as the brownie "flitted" after the flitting farmer, wherever this nomadic American pitched his tent and chose a new business. Finally he had the paper bound; and, after all its wanderings, it reposes, with an autograph (dated) of the Emperor of BRAZIL himself, in the collection of Mr. CHILDS. Little did POE think, when he wrote his story for a few dollars, what illustrious associations were to gather round the unconsidered "copy." An interesting letter of Poe's demonstrates that he offered a new collection of his prose tales to Messrs. LEA & BLANCHARD in 1841. The emoluments of literature in 1841 were not considerable in America. POE writes:—"I should be glad to accept the terms which 'you allowed me before—that is, you receive all the 'profits,' and allow me twenty copies for distribution to 'friends.'" Here is indeed a document for that great unwritten work, the History of Publishers. With the exception of some of HAWTHORNE's tales, POE's are perhaps the most remarkable works of fiction which America has yet produced. They may have been less popular than the Leather-stocking novels of COOPER, and less popular than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Still, they must have had an enormous sale in America if they were as much liked there as in England and France. Yet what arrangement did the publishers make with POE? Why, they took "all the profits." Perhaps POE found that this system was less complex than that of "half 'profits,'" while the results were the same. Modern American writers who have entered what is, comparatively speaking, a Promised Land of wealth should not speak harshly of POE. How could a man of genius support life, and be respectable, and shun the bowl on the proceeds of stories whereof the publishers received "all the profits"? There is something very touching in the humble acquiescent attitude of the author of the *Cask of Amontillado*. He could not have been worse remunerated had he been a Briton unprotected by copyright.

In England many collectors will envy Mr. CHILD his MS. of *Our Mutual Friend* more than any of his other treasures, which are chiefly modern. Most of the DICKENS manuscripts are in the South Kensington Museum, but Mr. CHILDS has acquired the only novel of the first class which has reached America. The folios contain a sketch or skeleton of the tale, drawn out before DICKENS had quite settled on the names of his characters. The care with which the sketch is made should be a lesson for novelists who jump at once into their story without more than the vaguest idea of what is going to happen. Perhaps the skeleton might be published with fresh editions of the book, and guide us through the PODSNAPS and TWEMLOWS. Thus Mr. CHILDS's collection would be made useful as well as

curious. Interesting, too, it is to learn that the Emperor of BRAZIL "inquired quite feelingly after Mr. GEO. W. 'CHILDS.'"

THE GUARDIANSHIP OF INFANTS.

IT is satisfactory, but only to a moderate extent, that on Wednesday afternoon the House of Commons read a second time Mr. BRYCE's Bill relating to the guardianship of infants. The majority was large—208 to 73—in favour of the Bill; but, unless we are greatly mistaken, the division only indicates that many people are anxious for an alteration of the present law. The difficulties in the way of carrying out Mr. BRYCE's proposals are very great, and whether they will be got rid of to any extent in Committee or in the Upper House remains to be seen. It is one thing, as Mr. BRYCE has had but too many reasons to remember, to point out an evil, but quite another to remedy it. The present law is unsatisfactory; but, at any rate, we know what it is. A man who is married and has children is the head of his house. He can not only settle the profession for which each of his family is to be brought up, but he can settle what creed they are to be taught; and, moreover, after his death his wishes in these respects must be carried out, however disagreeable they may be to his surviving widow. This is the law, and people who make mixed marriages know it, and may calculate beforehand what risks they encounter. True, it is a relic of a semi-barbarous age, and is the last remnant of the ancient law which permitted a father to sell or even to slay his offspring. But whether it is worth while to abrogate a law which, after all, but seldom leads to complications, and impose rules instead which will lead to constant complications, is the question decided so far by the House on Wednesday. It decided, in short, that such a piece of domestic hardship as was revealed by the AGAR-ELLIS case, or by a recent case in Ireland where a Protestant mother has to bring up her only child a Romanist, ought not to occur again; but it remains to be seen whether Mr. BRYCE's proposals will do away with the obvious injustice at which they are aimed. A court of law is to stand *in loco parentis*. It may make what order it thinks fit. A mother may be appointed guardian of her own children, even though the court be aware that she will bring them up in a different religion or to a different profession from that which the father approved. The Court of Chancery has some such power already. A father who has misbehaved can be denied access to his own children, yet the anomaly remains that such a father, who conceivably had never seen his child, could oblige the mother or the court-appointed guardians to order its temporal and spiritual affairs as he pleased. If Mr. BRYCE was content to attack this anomaly, his Bill would have a better chance of final success; but he goes much further, and it will probably be seen that he will fare worse.

The cases cited above, and others adduced by Mr. BRYCE, are undoubtedly hard, but they are exceptions; and there is much truth in Mr. INCE's contention that an extension of the present law in the direction of TALFOURD's Act of 1839 and the Act of 1873 would be sufficient. Mr. BRYCE interested his hearers by some romantic tales, chiefly from Scotland, though the hardest cases would probably be found in Ireland. Some time ago, he said, a lady who had been compelled to leave her husband found, on her return from a concert, that her children had been removed by their father during her absence. In a case like this one feels disposed to think that a lady anxious about the custody of her offspring had better abstain from nocturnal amusements. Mr. BRYCE thinks the law should be altered. He tells of another lady who was ill-treated by a Scottish husband, and left him before the birth of her child. Yet the father obtained the child, and kept it. The moral of such a story is that young ladies had better not marry Scots. It is impossible for law to reach every kind of complication, and even Mr. BRYCE would probably think a father entitled to the custody of his own child until at least some criminal act was proved against him. But, whatever the cases with which Mr. BRYCE supported his Bill, he undoubtedly had the House, and probably a majority of thinking people, with him when he declared that the law at present does not work well, and that it is desirable that some change should be made. Mr. W. FOWLER, Mr. INCE, Mr. GREGORY, Mr. FORSTER, and others spoke more or less cogently against the Bill, but it was carried probably on account of the provi-

sion relating to maternal guardianship, which Mr. WALTER emphasized so strongly. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the mother is the proper guardian of her children after their father's death. Under the Bill both parents are guardians, with remainder to the survivor. The difficulty most likely to occur is that of religion; but Mr. WALTER's contention that, if a widow became a Romanist, she could interfere with the religion of the children is precisely the question at issue. This is a Bill to enable a widow, the survivor of the two parents, to bring up children according to her own wishes. The religious question remains practically untouched, though in working we mitigate its harshness. Mr. WALTER put the case of a widow turning Roman Catholic and bringing up the children of a Protestant father in that religion; but he did not put the case of a Romanist mother whose children are brought up Protestants after her death, or, still harder, during her life, under the existing law. In the present state of things there is both difficulty and hardship, and something may well be proposed to ameliorate the law; but Mr. BAYCE apparently would do too much, and make difficulties and hardships of a fresh kind.

THE PARKS RAILWAY.

THE majority at the Westminster meeting which affirmed the principle of the Parks Railway Bill was the victim of a not unnatural confusion between the end which the Bill has professedly in view and the mode in which it proposes to attain it. The working classes, it is said, would greatly benefit by the construction of such a line; consequently those who oppose it are enemies of the working classes. It is not needful to deny the premiss in order to deny the inference. Those who oppose the line are not in the least enemies of the working classes, and yet it is true that the working classes would benefit by its being made. There is no real paradox in this. What we contend is that the working classes would benefit much more by a line taken in a different direction, and that, whatever be its direction, it ought not to be constructed at their expense. In tracing the course which a new railway is to follow, it is not enough to prove that it will serve a certain number of people. Railways in London are mutually exclusive. If one is made, another will not be made. The Metropolitan Company are not going to waste their substance in carrying first a line from Paddington to Westminster, next a line from Baker Street to Charing Cross, and finally a line from King's Cross to Charing Cross. If they make one of the three, they will leave the other two alone. It is possible, therefore, to offer a perfectly honest opposition to a line from Paddington to Westminster, not on the ground that it would be useless, but simply on the ground that it would be less useful than some other line. Every consideration that naturally bears on this question points to one of the two alternative lines as supplying a much more urgent want than will be supplied by the railway from Paddington to Westminster. The vast district that lies to the north of King's Cross, and the rapidly-growing suburbs that lie to the north of Baker Street, would yield a far larger number of passengers than can be furnished by Paddington; and Charing Cross, as the terminus of a railway commanding the south of the Thames, is a point to which a far larger number of passengers will wish to be carried than are ever likely to want to go to Westminster. Even if the population to be served were equally large in all three cases, the greater distance of King's Cross from the existing line which takes passengers to Westminster would be a strong argument in favour of its being chosen as the starting-point of the new line. A working-man at Paddington can go round to Westminster with an appreciably less sacrifice of time than from King's Cross. As a matter of fact people do often go by the Metropolitan Railway from Paddington to Westminster; but we doubt whether any one goes by the Metropolitan Railway from King's Cross to Westminster. When, therefore, we oppose the railway across the Parks, we are really contending for a much more useful railway. What the working-men who suppose themselves to be interested in the success of this project have to consider is not simply whether they will gain by it, but whether they would not gain much more by a different project. If they think this, they must get the Parks Railway Bill rejected before they can hope to get either of the

other Bills brought forward. The Metropolitan Railway Company, we repeat, will not make more than one new line across London from north to south. Those who wish that line to be carried either from Baker Street or King's Cross, and who think Charing Cross a better southern terminus than Westminster, must strive first of all to put an end to the present scheme. Otherwise Paddington will be benefited at the cost of districts which need a railway more and can turn it to better account.

The majority which carried the amendment at the Westminster meeting did not see why it is that the Metropolitan Company wish to make the line for which they are now asking the sanction of Parliament, in preference to making one which would attract more passengers. From the point of view of their own pockets they are quite in the right. Their profits will not be so large, but, as the cost of construction will be very much less, they may be even larger in proportion to the capital invested. But why is the cost of construction so much less? Simply because the land taken belongs not to rich men who look for compensation, but to poor men who do not think of compensation. This is nothing more than the literal truth. Technically, indeed, the Parks are the property of the Crown, but whose property are they beneficially? They are the property of the people of London, and, in so far as London attracts visitors from all parts of the country, of the people of England. And to what section of the people of London do they specially belong? Surely to that section which remains in town from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, which knows no distinction between season and out of season, which looks to the Parks as the one place in which it can enjoy air and space on summer evenings and on Sunday afternoons. It is the working classes who will be the real sufferers by any injury done to the Parks, because they have nothing to take their place. The Parks might be destroyed, and all that the rich would have to do would be to invent a new drive and a new Rotten Row. All else that the Parks supply they can have in greater perfection at their own country houses. The irreparable loss would fall on the working classes, and on this principle it is the working class who have the greatest real interest in protecting the Parks. If they are to be given up, the Metropolitan Railway should at least pay the same compensation that it would have to pay to private owners, and the money should be devoted to some public object by which the working classes would specially be the gainers. As it is, the Company simply propose to take public land for private purposes, and to pay next to nothing for the use of it.

ROWING AND SCULLING.

THE long lead which this country took about the middle of the present century in almost all branches of athletic sport has in these later years, as we all know, been woefully diminished, if not altogether taken from us. And in no case has the change been more remarkable than in the department of aquatics. About twenty-one years ago the best sculler that the Colonies could produce came over to England to row a match with the then champion, Bob Chambers, and was beaten with ridiculous ease, having exhibited an extraordinary turn of speed for a short distance, but no staying power at all. The United States made their first attempt three years later, when another English champion, Harry Kelley, defeated Hammill of Pittsburgh with equal ease in a match on the Tyne. Australia had been the first to challenge our supremacy on the river, and it was Australia which first succeeded in a like attempt just ten years later. But in the meantime no other colony or country attempted to interfere with our honours either in professional rowing or professional sculling. An international regatta, held on the Seine in 1867, and actively favoured by Napoleon III., only served to demonstrate the superiority of the English oarsmen, both amateur and professional; and the sole occasion of any importance before 1876, when this superiority was again called in question, was when Harvard University challenged Oxford, which won the University race of the year, to row them a four-oared race on the Thames. The invitation was accepted, not indeed by the University itself, but by a club within the University, which was able to turn out a crew probably quite as good; and the race, about which there had been many opinions even amongst the connoisseurs at Putney, ended in a very easy victory for the Oxford Four. At length, in 1876, when Joe Sadler, never one of our strongest champions, was manifestly in declining health, the match was made which resulted in first taking away the palm from the Thames and the Tyne. Trickett, of Sydney, then carried off the title of Champion Sculler of the World, which was next rowed for on the Paramatta river; and the subsequent matches in England could decide no more than what began to be called the Championship of England. For this inferior honour Boyd, Higgins, and Elliott contended, with varying success, for two years, until Canada put in an appearance, and at once rushed to

the front with a brilliant victory. In June 1879 Elliott, who had now beaten his two English rivals, was defeated in an ignominious manner by Edward Hanlan, of Toronto. The new comer astounded every one, not only by rowing the course in shorter time than had yet been known, but by the extraordinary vigour of his style and the extreme ease with which he disposed of a man then supposed to be well worth backing against any one in the world. This victory of Hanlan was the forerunner of a series of others equally decisive. Trickett, who had retained his title against all comers in Australia, came over to meet the new prodigy on the Thames. He succumbed without giving the Canadian any trouble at all; and, in a match rowed shortly afterwards over the same course, Laycock, the second string of the Australians, fared rather worse than his fellow-colonist. The winter of 1880-81, which produced these two last races, also afforded the most humiliating proof possible of the decline of English professional sculling. A grand water tournament, historically known as the "Hop Bitters" Regatta, brought on to the course between Putney and Mortlake eight Englishmen, two Canadians (Hanlan not condescending to start), two Australians, and two men from the United States. In every one of the four heats into which the fourteen scullers were divided the Englishmen took the hindmost places. Not one of them beat a single one of their opponents; and the final heat showed Laycock of Sydney first, a Canadian second, an American third, and another Canadian fourth. Since then almost the only attempt made to retrieve our lost laurels has been the match between Bubeare and Wallace Ross, which resulted in so disastrous a defeat for this country. That race disposes of our chance for many a day to come, and again condemns English professional sculling to a place in the international list far below Canada, Australia, and the United States. Those who attempt to console themselves for the loss of the championship by saying that it has gone to colonists of our own nationality forget that in the last general trial of merit all our best scullers were beat either by the American Hosmer himself, or by men whom the same Hosmer beat in a subsequent race.

For this extraordinary change in the relative position of English and foreign scullers many reasons have been assigned. It is, in the first place, hardly possible to deny that in point of mere physique we have lost ground as compared with the rest of the world. Evidences are not wanting to prove the superior bodily strength of the labouring class in the Colonies, which is both better bred and better fed than our own people, and also lives in a purer atmosphere, further removed than they are from the material and moral dinginess of the town. These reasons perhaps account sufficiently for the excellence of the colonists in any sport which they seriously take up. But it is also supposed, not altogether without good grounds, that English watermen are becoming not only relatively, but actually, worse than they were. The habit of spirit-drinking, now so long established amongst the working classes, has undoubtedly begun to have a serious effect upon their health and constitutions; and their custom of idling away nearly the half of every week is productive of a laziness prejudicial to all manly vigour. But the greatest evil of all from which English rowing has suffered is the lack of public encouragement. For several years past the watermen of the Thames have been dependent upon the chance munificence of public-spirited men for anything in the shape of a national regatta. The grand display of 1880, which has been already mentioned, was the result of an offer of no less than a thousand pounds presented by the Hop Bitters Company to be rowed for. Since that some well-known sportsmen have had the generosity to give handsome prizes to be rowed for by second and third-class professionals; but there has been nothing in the shape of a subscription regatta, as in the amateur world, and there have been no prizes at all worth mentioning for rowing as distinguished from sculling. Such a dearth of patronage might well be expected to cause a decline of interest amongst the class affected, and to hinder the most likely men from taking up the amusement of rowing as a business. It is not very flattering to our national good sense and good taste to find that, when so many thousands of pounds are annually offered for horse-racing, which so little promotes the strength or health of the people, it should have been found impossible to raise the very few hundreds necessary to give a first-rate regatta, such as was formerly held upon the Thames every year. The failure to keep up such regattas is often accounted for by saying that the men would not row fair; but this objection, even if it were well founded, is not one that has been, or need be, fatal to other sports. There is, moreover, little reason to believe that the chief prizes in the Old Thames regattas were at all commonly taken by other than the best crews entered. Probably the one thing which has most discredited professional rowing is the fact that betting-men—book-makers, in fact—became mixed up with the races, and manipulated the matches so as to suit their own personal ends to the detriment of the public on the one hand and of the performers on the other. Minor causes also helped, such as the new practice of using steam-launches for the purpose of carrying umpires at Henley and elsewhere, instead of depending upon the services of paid crews; and, lastly, the wholesale decline of the waterman's trade, properly so called, by reason of the multiplication of bridges and steamers, which have made it no longer necessary to "hail a boat," according to the old-fashioned practice, whenever a person wishes to cross the river or to travel from one place on its banks to another. It must, however, be remembered that in its best days professional rowing had one great disadvantage as compared with amateur rowing. There were practically only two centres which had any

esprit de corps of their own—London and Newcastle. The amateur clubs in a dozen different parts of the country had each an exclusive pride and ambition of their own; but there was no such healthy rivalry amongst the watermen of separate districts; no "clubs" worth speaking of; no local prizes from which outsiders were barred; nothing, in short, but the old-standing rivalry between North and South, which was not enough to keep up a lively competition and lead to renewed struggles for supremacy year after year between a number of good crews.

Very possibly it is this last-mentioned difference between amateur and professional rowing which has enabled the former to retain in this country so far a better position than the latter. It is true, no doubt, that when we speak of the high position of our amateur oarsmen as compared with those of other countries, we are talking rather without book. The definition of an amateur is more strict here than in other countries; and, although some latitude has hitherto been given to strangers, yet, on the other hand, crews which were allowed the name of amateurs in America have already been excluded from our regattas, and are likely to be still more often excluded in future. Still there are plenty of signs, later than that afforded by the four-oared race already mentioned, to show that our amateurs have not suffered the same loss of prestige as the watermen. There is the negative evidence supplied by the fact that foreigners so seldom enter for the big events at Henley; but we have also seen them fairly defeated, as in the sculling race at Henley last year, when a Frenchman and a German both entered, and the former was defeated still more easily than in former years, while the latter, although he won his trial heat, and also beat the Frenchman, stood no sort of chance against Mr. Lowndes, the winner. Races which have been rowed in other countries have not had so gratifying a result, but they cannot certainly be said to have proved any inferiority on the part of England. The analogy of cricket and other sports, moreover, besides professional rowing, seems to show that if there had been crews anywhere good enough to win the Grand Challenge Cup or the Diamond Sculls, they would have appeared at Henley to dispute those coveted trophies. However this may have been, undoubtedly an immense influence in keeping up the public interest in boat-racing has been exercised by the remarkable equality which has long existed between a number of rival clubs. Oxford has never got so far ahead of Cambridge as to make their meeting at Putney an uninteresting affair. The Grand Challenge Cup has never fallen so often to one or two or even three clubs as to discourage others from sending their representatives. The London Rowing Club, Leander, Thames, Kingston, all these are known every year to be pretty sure to send a formidable crew, and it is worth their while to train men hard for the event. The leading College boats at Oxford and Cambridge are almost equally sure to appear, and are encouraged by knowing that College crews have several times taken this chief prize of the year. In the multitude of competitors there is an assurance of excellence and a guarantee for hard practice and hard training; for oftentimes, as last year, the eight-oar which was thought least of by the connoisseurs has been known, with a little of the luck that is so powerful an agent at Henley, to make an example of far better-looking crews.

In these headquarters, the clubs and Colleges, rowing has accordingly been kept up with unabated zeal. Many changes have been introduced since the first University race was rowed in 1829, and since the amateur sculling championship was founded in the following year. The old tub boats have developed into very different-looking craft. Outriggers, sliding seats, self-acting rowlocks, and steering sails, have all been successively added, with divers other refinements of the boat-builder's art; but the science of rowing remains after all essentially the same; and the same bodily shape and muscular conformation are still usually to be observed in the most successful oarsmen. If we could confine our attention solely to these great clubs and the two Universities, there would be little cause for finding fault with amateur rowing or sculling. Unfortunately the prospect is by no means so limited or so gratifying. The increasing taste for "boating," as it is very advisedly termed—that is to say, of going in a boat—has led to the formation of a host of third, fourth, and fifth-rate clubs, as well as to an enormous amount of rowing in hired boats by people who think they would like to learn the art all by themselves. Now rowing is, of all things, that which a man finds it most impossible to learn by himself. There is nothing, perhaps, in which unaided practice is so certain to make a man develop a bad style. If any person doubts this, let him look at the river Thames on a Saturday afternoon. From Teddington to Wandsworth it is covered with boats, which are being rowed and sculled by persons exhibiting every possible fault that an oarsman can commit. The round back, the bent arms, the hanging head, the wriggling body—these are only a few of the hideous distortions observable on every side. How are they to be accounted for? Simply by this—that the wretched creatures who indulge in them are too proud to take a lesson. Go and suggest to one of the tradesmen's clubs which is out for practice on a Saturday evening that one or two of its members would be all the better for a little coaching, and ten to one both those individuals themselves and the bulk of the club, if not even its captain, will feel insulted at any such suggestion. This sort of feeling is one which fortunately still exists only in the lower ranks of the aquatic world. But it is constantly liable to spread and infect the upper spheres, even as it infected the highest class of professional scullers, inspiring them with a bumptiousness which despised good advice, and prevented them from perfecting their style in proportion as new improvements were introduced

into the boats they used. Such presumptuous vanity is particularly misplaced at a time when technical skill and education are requisite for excellence in sporting as well as other matters. It is to a very large extent responsible for the defeats we have suffered at the hands of the colonists, who are more modest, to begin with, have more perseverance in learning what they want to do, and, finally, enjoy a far better prospect of earning fame and public honour when they do credit to their native city or place.

LORD DALHOUSIE AS HENRY VIII.

IN these days of literalness and of scandal we cannot make too much haste to assure Lord Dalhousie that the parallel above indicated between him and the largest and most married of English kings means nothing offensive. We do not insinuate that Lord Dalhousie has had six wives, or has got rid of two of them in a sanguinary manner, or has indulged in any of the other enormities attributed by Hume, Mrs. Markham, *Little Arthur's History of England*, and other authorities to Mr. Froude's favourite. But as we all know on those same authorities that Henry sent about to consult universities and great scholars when he wanted to unmarry his dead brother's wife, so has Lord Dalhousie for two years past been sending about to consult universities and great scholars now that he wants (Heaven only knows why) to procure leave for other people to marry their dead wives' sisters. Part of the results of this correspondence were published by the active and well-subsidized society which exists for the purpose some two years ago, and Dr. Candlish, of Glasgow, disposed of them very satisfactorily then. They have now been republished, with a queer appendix of additional opinions, partly got from the Biblical Revisers of England and America, partly culled from the writings of Dr. Stanley, Dr. McCaul, and other persons in days long past. Sufficient unto the year is the bad literature thereof, at least of this kind; and we must not here pay much attention to the previously-published matter, though it is tempting. The ingenuity with which Professor Geddes, of Aberdeen (there are wide-awake people as well as cauld kail in Aberdeen), declines to commit himself on the subject, and the delightful certificate of a certain Dr. Naber, Professor of Greek Literature in the University of Amsterdam, which appears on the same page, contrast pleasantly. Professor Naber asserts that "there is nowhere any evidence in Scripture against your bringing forward the measure you propose to introduce to the Senate," and that "the various arguments adduced by your adversaries are totally inadequate to shake your position." That is something like a Greek Professor! But this field, though, as has been said, tempting, must be left to Dr. Candlish. The business of a periodical is to shoot flying, and not round the corners of the past.

The new matter which has resulted from Lord Dalhousie's (or some one else's) fresh appearance in the character of Henry VIII. (always with the limitations above made and provided), is, as we have said, extremely miscellaneous. The wise know what is meant by counsel's opinion, and would be surprised to find anything but a majority on the side of the consulting party. However, even among this number there seem to have been some whose answers the Marriage Law Reform Association would hardly have published if it had been wise. Dr. Ezra Abbot, of Cambridge, Mass., Dr. Angus of the Regent's Park (who displays his exact scholarly and logical faculties by answering the question of scriptural authority in the words "I have known many cases illustrating the cruelty of the present law"), Dr. Birrell of St. Andrew's, and so forth, declare themselves unhesitatingly on the side of Bottles. But when we come to Mr. T. K. Cheyne, whose authority as a Hebrew scholar is certainly as high as that of Dr. Angus of the Regent's Park, Mr. Cheyne is found pronouncing roundly that "the circumstances of the writers of the Bible being different, he does not see how we can appeal to their authority on either side." All these epistles are headed by recent and intelligible dates. But after hearing Chancellor Crosby of New York (he makes a lovely paralogism which it would unluckily take too long to expose), we come upon a blast from the wild horn of Benja. Davies, LL.D., who in 1865 signified his "hearty sympathy with the objects of your Association, as seeking to remove a hateful monkish blot from our law of marriage." Monkish blot is good, but as Lord Dalhousie was, according to the Peerages, only eighteen in 1865, it is clear that we have got among new strata. A man surely does not send circular letters to burgomasters and great oneyers in languages and theology requesting permission to marry his deceased wife's sister when he is eighteen! Indeed these later opinions are a sufficiently perplexing medley. Dr. Gotch does not think the marriage should be prohibited by law; but, on the other hand, he does not think it in general desirable. When Professor Henry Green, of Princeton, N.J., says that "such marriages shock no one's sense of propriety," he says what may be true of Princeton, N.J., but what even the Marriage Law Reform Association will assert hardly to be true of England, so that he cannot be said to be good for much. Dr. Kennedy, of Cambridge, whose opinion seems to be regarded as of such value that it is given twice over on two different pages, chiefly refers us to the late Dr. Hook, but this scarcely seems conclusive. Dr. Stanley Leathes says that "there is nothing in the letter of Scripture which can be twisted into an explicit prohibition." Prof. Mead says that the arrangement works capitally in America, which, as we know on very good authority, it does not. Dean Merivale

takes the ground (which is compatible with the strongest objection to such unions) that "the texts usually discussed have no reference to the present time." But perhaps the pluckiest thing here done is the publication of Cardinal Newman's opinion. That is, as is well known, that, if the interests of the lower classes are consulted, the law ought to be relaxed; if the interests of the educated classes are consulted, not so. For this odd and characteristic distinction the writer gives no reasons. But he is careful to say that this concerns the social question only, and that, in his opinion, there is "in favour of the law standing the danger of its repeal acting in the serious movement now making all over Christendom to relax the sanctity of marriage." Beyond this it is not necessary to go, though it may be observed that Canon Westcott, whom the Association, or Lord Dalhousie, or somebody else seems to have consulted so recently as last month, "cannot but feel that the early Church rightly expressed the spirit of scriptural teaching by forbidding marriage with a deceased wife's sister." After this the rack of Americans, who naturally defend the existing law of their country; and of Dissenters, who sometimes avowedly and always pretty evidently object to the prohibition because it expresses the law of the Church they hate, do not seem to require much attention, though it may be freely confessed that they are in the majority. But what is noteworthy is that in almost all this argument the single text in Leviticus and not the general spirit of Biblical injunctions as to marriage, far less the great question to which Cardinal Newman briefly alludes, is handled. The far more important text as to the "one flesh" is practically left alone, or treated only in the spirit of idle flippancy with which a distinguished member of the House of Lords thought proper to treat it last year. No notice is taken of the well-known fact that, as far as literal prohibition is concerned, an argument for a marriage between father and daughter might be founded on Leviticus. It is on the supposed permission implied in the prohibition that the assailants of the law of marriage rely, and it is noteworthy that, in so relying, they do not so much as notice the argument (not flawless no doubt, but which as rough common-sense argument will always have great weight with common-sense people) that a prohibition to marry two persons at the same time when polygamy is permitted, implies a prohibition to marry them successively when polygamy is not permitted.

However, this is a digression. We fear that the result of this supplementary appearance of Lord Dalhousie, or of Mr. Paynter Allen, or of the canvassers of the Marriage Law Reform Association, or of whoever it is in the guise of seekers for the opinions of wise men, will not have any considerable effect, except on persons who have a mind to their sisters-in-law as Henry VIII. had to Anne Boleyn. Probably it is not Lord Dalhousie at all who makes this heterogeneous collection of letters dating from last month, undated expressions like Dean Stanley's "ecclesiastical rubbish" (by the way, did he think that deaneries came under that denomination?), the opinions of the great Dr. McCaul, delivered before Lord Dalhousie was born, and the twenty-year-old indignation of Benja. Davies, LL.D., with monkish blots. Just at the present moment Lord Dalhousie seems to have modestly withdrawn from this particular scene. The deceased wife's sister craving for brothers-in-law does not address him in the famous lines:—

Dalhousie of an old descent,
My stoup, my pride, my ornament.

It is Mr. Broadhurst who is at this moment the stoup and ornament of the deceased wife's sister, Mr. Broadhurst who has Sir Pandarus of Troy become between her and her sighing brother-in-law (what will brothers-in-law have to be called when they are not brothers-in-law?). Mr. Broadhurst is going to move a motion or a resolution or something of the same kind which was so successful on another notorious occasion. The way has been smoothed by harrowing stories of deceased wives' sisters who have been married in the colonies and deserted in England. These stories a wise association would perhaps have kept in reserve, for they do not testify either to the stable attractions of deceased wives' sisters, or to the high-minded morality of the brother-in-law whom we are asked to relieve of disability for this particular indulgence. What may come of this none can say. Meanwhile the assailants of the law of marriage may obtain counsel's opinions from every so-called college of every minute sect in Christendom, and they may garnish them with the venerable extracts which have been kept standing forty years by the Association's printers. They may pass resolutions and lobby for majorities to their hearts' content. But there are some things that all their money and all their energies will not enable them to do. They will not overthrow the great consensus of the Christian Church on this point from the earliest time. They will not disserve the particular case they are based on from the general case of marriages of affinity. They will not show that a relaxation of the marriage law can be anything but a curse to the world.

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

A GREAT number of ignorant people have been clamouring lately for the abolition of what they call the monopoly of the Bar, by which they mean the exclusive right of audience which barristers have in the highest courts of law. Next to an anomaly,

there is nothing your Radical likes so much as a monopoly. Behold! here is a monopoly, let us sweep it away, is so fascinating a sequence, and appeals with such seductive force to persons properly permeated with the sentiments of freedom and equality, that the many people who seek destruction for its own sake are sometimes quite ready to obey the precept without stopping to consider whether the piece of information on which it is grounded is true or not. It may therefore not be inopportune to consider for a little what this alleged monopoly is not, what it is, and whether, whatever it is, it ought to be abolished. In the first place, it is not a monopoly. A monopoly is, strictly speaking, an exclusive right, acquired by favour or purchase, of selling goods of some particular kind. In the so-called monopoly of the Bar there is no sale of goods; there is no exclusive right, because any one can be a barrister who chooses; and the right is not acquired by favour or purchase, but by passing examinations. Waiving, however, this perhaps pedantic point, we may admit the existence of what may be inaccurately called a monopoly, not of the Bar, but of law. Since it is obviously to the advantage of the public that some limitation of the natural right, whereby any man is as good as any other, should be imposed in the matter of legal assistance, it has been found convenient to ordain that no one shall follow the profession of the law, either as advocate or as agent, who has not satisfied certain tests. The tests now in use are examinations, and the lapse of time which may be supposed to be devoted to professional study. Any one who has satisfied these tests may become a professional lawyer, and any one who acts as a professional lawyer without having satisfied them is liable to punishment. Thus it may be said by a loose analogy, likening the giving of legal advice and assistance to the sale of goods, that lawyers have a monopoly of law. This monopoly, however, it has not yet occurred to the aforesaid shallow-minded persons to complain of. The business of supplying law (we continue to make use of our halting simile) may be divided into two parts, for which it is convenient to have two men. These are the advocate and the agent; or, in English, the barrister and the solicitor. It is not found practicable, except in a very small way, to be both of these at the same time, partly for the reason that one must be a great deal in court, and the other must be a great deal out of court; but in some countries the distinction is only practical, and in some it is nominal as well. In England it is nominal as well as practical, and the fact that it is so is what the gentleman who tried so hard to spoil the Christmas holidays of many virtuous barristers by four columns of dreary twaddle in the *Times* calls the monopoly of the Bar.

The demand that solicitors should have equal rights of audience with barristers granted to them is made by two classes of people, of which the more noisy, and probably the larger, consists of people at large holding Radical views on all subjects, and therefore quite capable of being excited by the bogey of a monopoly which they have fashioned for themselves without taking the trouble to ascertain the facts of the case. The other class consists of solicitors who desire the change for personal reasons. It must not be supposed, however, that all solicitors take this view. On the contrary, among the men at the head of the profession a large majority is in favour of keeping things as they are. It is only natural that it should be so. Men who have succeeded in any pursuit are naturally tolerably well satisfied with existing conditions. Besides this, the position of a successful solicitor with a practice of a high class has some very attractive features. His business, besides being highly profitable, is more or less in the nature of property. He could if he liked sell it, and can and does make provision out of it for one or more sons. It is not, like the practice of a successful barrister, absolutely dependent on his own personal exertions. If he falls ill he is not harassed by the reflection that if he does not recover soon his means of livelihood will disappear. Besides these solid and comforting qualities, the solicitor such as we are describing occupies, or may occupy, a station in society good enough to content any man who is not prompted throughout life by the ambition of public distinction. Success of a notorious and public character is the one good thing in life which the solicitor must not hope to gain in the ordinary practice of his profession. But how many men there are who gladly forego their chances of such success for the sake of an assured and moderately dignified way of earning a livelihood! There are, however, a certain number of younger and less distinguished solicitors, who do clamour for, and hope to get, the abolition of all distinction between the two professions. What these gentlemen really want is to eat their cake and have somebody else's. They want to retain the comfortable security of their business as solicitors, and at the same time to have a chance of winning themselves glory in the comparatively perilous adventure of the Bar. Then if they found that the brilliant success which they so confidently anticipate did not attend their efforts, they would be able to fall back upon the obscure but trustworthy resources which they at present command. Now this is an unreasonable wish, and cannot be gratified; for if the solicitor whose heart burns within him for the Woolpack gets his way, and speaks with his tongue, his business as a solicitor will suffer for want of his attention, and if, to prevent this, he engages somebody to look after it while he is occupied with more lofty matters, he will find that this somebody will expect a share of the profits. It is like betting; the long odds are more profitable when you win, but you are more likely to win the short. If solicitors of this covetous nature are really ambi-

tious, and really confident in themselves, it is now made perfectly easy for them to be called to the Bar, more especially as their connexion with their old firms can hardly fail to give them a start as soon as they are called. Many of them boldly plunge, and with brilliant results; but even if those who want to combine the advantages of long and short odds get their way, they will at best only get middling odds, which means middling profit when they win and a middling chance of winning.

Such being the reasons which really give rise to the agitation for removing the distinction between barristers and solicitors, it is not surprising to find that the ostensible reasons which are urged by the agitators are not of the most cogent nature. The principal one is that the amalgamation would diminish the cost of litigation. It is in the highest degree unlikely that it would do so to any appreciable extent. The work of advocacy must be done, and the work of agency must be done, and both must be paid for. They cannot practically be done by the same man, and the expense that would be saved by the two men being partners in the same business, instead of being only temporarily connected, is either nothing at all, or something so trifling as not to be worth legislating for. The lawyer who does the barrister's work must have his brief drawn, and his copies of documents prepared. The conveyancer must have his instructions put into some kind of shape, and the fact that he is himself the solicitor through whom he is instructed will not in the least diminish the necessity of somebody engrossing the deeds who has to be paid for doing it. The work of lawyers is worth what, in the presence of very keen competition, it will fetch, and the shifting of different parts of it on to different shoulders will not substantially diminish its total burden or reduce its total price. It is true, as has been pointed out, that a certain number of fees for "delivering briefs" and "attending counsel" would, or might, disappear; but those who suppose that a solicitor, because he was given the right of audience in the Supreme Court, would be unequal to the task of devising charges to replace such losses as these, knows little indeed of the ways of solicitors. Then it is urged that solicitors are often more thoroughly acquainted with the details of a case, and the wishes of their clients, than the counsel whom they instruct, and could perform the duties of counsel more satisfactorily than they are performed. The simple answer to this is that prolonged experience has shown it not to be true, and that the two functions are too distinct to be performed adequately by the same person. The existence of the two professions shows that this distinction was found practically convenient in England long ago; the fact that in America there invariably comes to be a distinction of persons between those who do the two sorts of work shows that it is so still. The final contention of the advocates of change is that solicitors are as good as barristers; that they know as much law, and are as virtuous, intelligent, and gentlemanlike; and that they ought not to be placed in an inferior position and held in lower esteem. Every one of these propositions we hold to be directly contrary to the facts. There are, of course, many solicitors who are excellent lawyers, and many barristers who are very bad ones; but to assert that, on the whole, an ordinary practising solicitor is likely to be as well qualified as an ordinary practising barrister to give an opinion on a question of pure law or to conduct a case before a judge or a jury is to make a claim on behalf of solicitors which every one in the least qualified by observation to form an opinion knows to be flagrantly absurd. And, though there are many solicitors than whom the country does not contain more upright and honourable persons, there are many others—and this would be notorious even if the constant activity of the Law Society did not testify to it—who are not only not honourable, but are exceedingly dishonest. Which could not be said of the Bar without exaggeration. Solicitors who feel that they are not quite gentlemen should seek to attain to that dignity individually. Amalgamating the professions would not do it for them. What it would do is to destroy the still considerable remains of *esprit de corps* which animates not only the best, but the largest, part of the British Bar, and, slightly perhaps, but certainly, to lower the prevailing standard of learning, intellect, and morality. That standard is now remarkably high, and it is of the greatest public importance that it should remain so. It is unnecessary to point out that whatever lowers the standard of the Bar also lowers that of the Bench; but it should be borne in mind that the efficient administration of justice depends in a great degree upon how the work of barristers is done. By making every solicitor a barrister, and every barrister a solicitor, the best and the worst men would be brought more or less into rivalry and contact, with the result that the possible amelioration of the worst would be dearly purchased by the certain deterioration of the best. The opponent of an unscrupulous antagonist cannot afford to be scrupulous, and if you bring men whose morality allows them to play tricks and take unworthy advantages into competition with men of higher principles, association with the former will inevitably corrupt the latter. It is not worth while to risk such a result for the sake of gratifying the social ambition of a certain number of second-class solicitors, and still less for the sake of appeasing the light-headed reformers who cannot resist that meaningless phrase, the monopoly of the Bar.

THE LONDON INQUISITION.

ON one day of last week sixty parents appeared before Mr. Bridges to meet summonses issued by the London School Board. The general public do not know what an amount of illegality is implied by this wholesale fashion of summoning people to the police-courts, and a plain statement of facts may do good. Each division of London is subdivided into a number of districts corresponding to the number of members elected to serve on the School Board. Thus Marylebone is marked out in seven subdivisions, each of which is under the charge of one member; and this member's duty is to hold at intervals a kind of secret court, in which cases relating to the attendance of children are investigated. Supposing that a child is irregular in attendance, then sooner or later the parent or guardian receives a notice directing him to appear at a given hour or place before "The Divisional Committee," to show cause why he should not be summoned and fined. Now, as a matter of fact, there is no such thing as a Divisional Committee. The phrase sounds large and impressive, but there is no sign of a fact to match it. Every man and woman who obeys the peremptory notice is privately interrogated by a single member of the School Board, in whose hands are placed powers which are foreign to all English notions of justice. The meetings are generally held in a private room of a Board School, and the scene is much the same in all parts of London. The crowd stand about on the stairs and wait their turns. Dragged women with babies at the breast lean against the walls or sit on the steps; rough workmen who are losing time straddle and spit, and use bad language; blowsy matrons of the drunken sort laugh and joke with shrill vulgarity. One after another the culprits are ushered into the private room by a decorous visitor, and men and women are subjected to questioning. Here is a list of pleasing queries taken down on the spot. "Carroll. Oh, another Irish Catholic. Now, Mrs. Carroll, how is it that your girl doesn't attend school? Be careful, mind. All you Irish Catholics lie, but I know you. Be careful." "Well, sir, the child suffers from a weakness, sir." "Oh, weakness. Nonsense. Another Irish lie." Then the following stock set of inquiries followed:—"How much does your husband earn?" "Does he drink?" "Do you?" "How many children have you?" "One of them is over age. What does he earn?" Then, after a long time of badgering, the unfortunate parent was allowed to go away, and the presiding dignitary went on to the next case.

This is a specimen of what has occurred when a hard man was in charge of a district. The women who loiter in dull silence or drunken levity on the stairs may wait for three or four hours until their turn comes. The time usually chosen is midday, and thus many a labourer comes home to find his wife absent and his dinner unprepared, while many men lose a day's work and run the risk of losing their employment through having to travel a long distance and lounge about till their names are called. When twenty or thirty women of the lower class are called together, the scenes of shrewish violence are sometimes very unpleasant indeed, and exasperated viragos use the language of the alley with freedom. It must not be thought that many "Notice B" meetings are conducted by persons like the man of whose proceedings we have given a sample. On the contrary, nothing can be more admirable than the patience and gentleness shown by most of the Board members. Wealthy ladies and gentlemen spend wearisome hours in sifting cases of distress, in granting remission of school fees, and in choosing objects of charity. They might be engaged on their own business or pleasure, but they are content to work on obscurely amid depressing surroundings. They listen to stale hypocries, to impudent falsehoods, to angry abuse, and to heartrending stories of hardship and dire poverty, and they are kind and indulgent through it all. The amount expended in private charity by some members is very heavy, and the general tendency is toward helpful counsel and indulgence rather than toward harshness and threats. But, however good and wise a member of the Board may be, it is not right that powers so great should be entrusted to any man or woman. A parent may be summoned to a police-court; he may wait among ruffians and brawlers for several hours; he may be tried in two minutes and fined—and all this on the behest of one man or woman who presides over what is practically a secret tribunal, and who is irresponsible.

We must now turn to a darker and more disagreeable side of the subject. The members of the Board are undoubtedly overworked. If any one of the fifty chooses to do his duty thoroughly, he must give his whole time to the service of the Board; and this sacrifice is, of course, impossible in the case of business men. Thus it often happens that when a troop of parents are brought up to a "Notice B" meeting there is not even one member of the Board present to hear the cases, and unknown underlings fulfil the duty of judges in matters of the extremest delicacy. In every division there is an official called "The Clerk to the Divisional Committee, and Superintendent of Visitors." This clerk may have been an officer in the army, or a tradesman, or a private secretary to some one or other, or a rate collector; he may not have one tittle of legal training, yet he exercises judicial functions of a very important nature. Worse than this, it often turns out that even the Superintendent is absent; and instances have been known in which a clerk (paid at the rate of 80*l.* a year) or a visitor has taken the chair, and sat with inquisitive majesty while parent after parent was brought in before him. Jack-in-

office is always an unpleasant person, but Jack-in-office stuck in the place of a legal functionary is simply intolerable. It is true that the Board has authorized Superintendents of Visitors to hear cases, but not to order prosecutions; yet, in practice, this rule is constantly violated. Let it be observed that in thus delegating any of its functions the Board acts with gross and absolute illegality. The Act says:—"No legal proceedings for non-attendance or irregular attendance at school shall be commenced in a Court of Summary Jurisdiction by any person appointed to carry out the compulsory bye-laws of a School Board or local authority, except by the direction of not less than two members of a School Board or School Attendance Committee." The letter of the Act cannot be construed as meaning that two members shall investigate every case before a prosecution is ordered; but the spirit is sufficiently evident, and it is a pity that the whole of Clause 38 cannot be rigidly amended, so as to ensure that no British citizen shall be dragged to a police-court until the nature and extent of his offence have been investigated by a competent tribunal. The poor are ignorant of legal subtleties; but we are certain that, if any defendant were to demand the names of the Board members who ordered a prosecution, and were then to force the prosecuting officer to prove in court that the two members had really investigated the case, there would be far fewer convictions. As it is, the poor people are dragooned, and dragooned by headles in mufti, and not by persons duly qualified to order prosecutions under the Act.

We have no wish to say anything sentimental about the treatment of the lower classes. The poor are often lazy, shiftless, thriftless, drunken, and false. But the fact that a man has every positive and negative vice named in the dictionary does not justify any one who twists a statute in order to punish him. His trial should be fair, and his punishment assured when his guilt is proven. Under the present system, the proceedings are so loose and haphazard that magistrates have grown sick of the whole business, and positively refuse to convict. People who would obey the law if they could are badgered and persecuted; while other people who have not the smallest intention of obeying the law are enabled to laugh at visitors, members, and police-courts. Unmerited hardship, and equally unmerited impunity, are the main results of a system which is at once grotesque and cruel.

Let us take two typical cases to illustrate the working of the Act in London. John Smith is a labourer who leaves home at five every morning, and returns about six every evening. John's son is a wild little fellow of ten years old, who manages to play truant for a week at a time. A visitor calls and sees Mrs. Smith while John is away. The visitor says, "You must make your boy attend school better, ma'am; I have to serve you with this notice," and he thereupon hands out a piece of paper which tells Mr. Smith to "Take Notice" that the young Smith has been absent. Mrs. Smith says nothing at the time, and in a week or two John is ordered to attend a meeting to show cause why he should not be summoned. Mrs. Smith dare not destroy the peremptory notice; there is an explanation and probably a quarrel, and John stays away from work one day in order to attend before "The Divisional Committee." The Superintendent inquires, "Well, and what have you to say for yourself?" whereupon John explains that he "didn't know the kid was playing the truant." A give-and-take discussion begins; John grows ill-tempered and receives a warning; he goes home, beats the boy, and then matters go on for awhile until the youth again forgets himself. In due time the inevitable summons arrives, and John Smith goes to the court. Perhaps, after he has waited from eleven o'clock to one, the magistrate discovers that no School Board cases can be taken that day; and the boy of chattering women and swearing men are sent off home. At the second attempt John stands in the dock at last; the visitor formally states the case; and the magistrate inflicts a small fine amounting to half of Smith's day's wages.

The man is enraged, puzzled, and rebellious. His fine is not heavy, but the sense of restraint and indignity works in his mind; he is not improved in any way by the experience he has gone through, and, if by any chance the visitor passes through the street, poor Smith is more likely to growl a curse at "the bloomin' School Board" than to think of the blessings of education.

Take, now, the case of a more acute person. Thomas Brown has a son of twelve years old. This lad goes to work and earns four shillings a week, without having passed even the fourth of the Government standards. In time Notice B arrives, but Thomas pays no heed to it. Then comes the summons, on receipt of which Brown immediately sends the boy off to school. As soon as Thomas appears in the dock, he says, "Please, your worship, the boy is at school now." The magistrate is hurried by the crowd of cases; he snaps out, "Pay costs of the summons and go away," and Thomas is free. This mode of proceeding is lovingly termed "The Two Bob-and-go-away trick," and it may be repeated again and again, for the simple reason that the courts are crowded, and that the wholesale ordering of summonses produces a deadlock. Innocent John Smith suffers; wily Thomas Brown gets clear off on advantageous terms, and nobody in the world is a whit the better for all the confusion. At present the strange thing is that the compulsory bye-laws are administered with surprising kindness by most of the persons who carry them out. The School Board members who order prosecutions are generally gentle, long-suffering, and charitable; the visitors are usually thoughtful, although offensive instances of bumbledom have been charged to the corps; the magistrates are always compassionate. And yet the poor suffer under the Act,

and suffer severely. The reason is that the law is applied in a haphazard way. If Notice B meetings were only held in the evenings, so that men would not lose time; if ladies and gentlemen were deputed to hear cases in every district; if paid officials were absolutely forbidden to hear cases; and if no order for a prosecution were signed except after full investigation; then the sufferings of the poor would be relieved. The present state of things is neither more nor less than a flagrant social scandal, and we wonder that the people have tamely submitted for so long.

CITY CHURCHES.

THE very influential deputation, headed by Lord Devon, which waited on the Lord Mayor a few days back to secure his influence for the preservation of three of the most recently threatened of the City churches, had a more powerful argument to urge against the contemplated vandalism than some of those who in former years have pleaded the same cause. The former defenders of the City churches have usually been met by the argument that the buildings where they stood were practically useless, while the endowments, set free from the grasp of "the dead hand," and augmented by the sale of the consecrated site for an exorbitant figure, would do much to relieve the spiritual destitution of the suburbs. There was no use blinking the fact that the churches were, practically speaking, empty on the Sundays. The bells, still as when Arthur Clennam listened to their dreary chiming from the window of the coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, exchanged their "deadly-lively importunity of 'Come to church, come to church' for the low-spirited complaint, 'They won't come; they won't come,'" and at last, abandoning hope, gave a dismal swing per second "as a groan of despair" at the obstinate refusal of the parishioners. That the City churches were not doing their work, at least on Sundays, was an undeniable fact. Hard-headed, keen-eyed, utilitarian Philistines were ready to prove it by their statistics. They had been round to the churches with their notebooks on their unholy errand of *espionage* when they ought to have been saying their prayers in their own parish churches, and had reckoned up every worshipper, down to the youngest of the "Charitable Grinders," with his leather breeches and muffin cap, and the most crouching old charwoman, waiting her turn for the charity loaf. Not one escaped this inquisitive inspection. And the sum total, it must be confessed, was disheartening to those who felt the many and great dangers of playing into the hands of those who desired not more useful churches, but no churches at all.

What ground, then, it will be asked, have the recent protesters for renewing the conflict? What fresh arguments could Lord Devon and his colleagues at the Mansion House add to those which had been urged so often already? Certainly in this case they could not plead the architectural beauty, or, except in one case, their historical associations. The three churches now doomed—St. Olave's, Jewry, St. Katherine Coleman, and St. Thomas in the Liberty of the Rolls—are among the least interesting of City churches. The last-named is a modern building, dating some forty years back, in the revived Norman of the day, neither better nor worse than a hundred other churches of its date. St. Katherine's, happily lurking behind the houses in Fenchurch Street, is a dowdy, burnt-brick conventicle, with a stumpy little tower at one end, and a semicircular sideboard recess for the altar at the other; internally a mere neat-ceiled room, without the slightest attempt at architectural design, an index of the utter deadness of all ecclesiastical feeling in the early years of the second George. Nor in either case do the historical associations compensate for the absence of beauty. St. Katherine Coleman—which one of our contemporaries strangely confuses with its neighbour the historic St. Katherine Cree Church, rebuilt and consecrated when Laud was Bishop of London, the ceremonies introduced by him on that occasion being among the counts of his indictment, and which others no less perversely place in Coleman Street—is utterly barren of historic reference. Stowe tells us it takes its name "of a great haw-yard or garden of old time called Coleman-haw." Spared by the Great Fire, and so not rebuilt by Wren, it was unhappily rebuilt in the mean guise we have described in 1734. With St. Thomas's the case is slightly different. The name of "the Liberty of the Rolls" calls up many associations, from the time when Henry III. erected his "Domus Conversorum," or home of shelter and maintenance for converted Jews, in the "foul and noisy thoroughfare betwixt the Old and New Temple," known as Chancery Lane, which, when the Jews had been banished the realm and converts waxed few, his great-grandson Edward III. annexed to his newly-created office of "Custos Rotulorum," or Master of the Rolls, which, such is the irony of history, we have seen filled by a Jew, still unconverted. The memories of Butler, and still more recently of Brewer and Brookfield, it is almost needless to say do not belong to the threatened church, which is a modern foundation as well as a modern building, but to the adjacent Rolls Chapel, from the pulpit of which the famous "fifteen sermons" on Human Nature and Morals were delivered by the author of the *Analogy*. Greater historic interest is associated with the third of the churches in the doomed list, St. Olave's, Jewry. One-half of the name reminds us of the strange popularity of the martyred King of the Northmen, Olaf, who is commemorated in four London churches, including that in Tooley (St. Olave's) Street at the Surrey end of London Bridge, one of the predecessors of which the Norwegian

monarch is accredited with having burnt. The other half takes us back to the time when the unbelievers, to aid whose more speedy conversion the Rolls House was originally founded, were a recognized contingent of the population of London as of all our ancient cities, living in a quarter by themselves "in Veteri Judaismo," "a source," as Mr. Loftie remarks in his *History of London*, "of regular revenue as well as an always ready scene for irregular exactions" as well as of popular violence, bloodshed, and judicial murder. The church itself is a work of Wren's. It may not be one of that great architect's happiest conceptions. But, like all Wren's designs, it is characterized by much dignity of design and harmony of proportion which raise it above the commonplace. The exterior, though plain, is well designed. The western tower is low, but of pleasing proportions, obelisks at the angles taking the place of pinnacles. The east front towards the Old Jewry has more architectural pretensions. There is a stateliness about its pediments and the large carefully-designed Venetian window, which the eminently prosaic street, no long time back the residence of the wealthy merchants of the city, could ill spare. When we add that it contains the monument of Alderman Boydell, the creator of the English school of engraving, who was buried within its walls, and that it was the place of interment of Robert Large, the famous mercer of Cheap, once Caxton's master before he exchanged silks and velvets for metal-types, of Thomas Morshead, surgeon to the three sovereigns of the House of Lancaster, and of Giles Dewes, Clerk of the Library to Henry VII., and schoolmaster for the French tongue to Prince Arthur and his sister, the Lady Mary; and that among its rectors is counted the brilliant "Scott of Hoxton," it must be acknowledged that none but reasons much stronger than any yet urged could justify the demolition of another of the few remaining churches of England's greatest architect, and the removal of another source of wholesome religious influence from the very busiest centre of City life.

That St. Olave's, in common with the other doomed churches, is capable of becoming such a source of influence, was the argument so powerfully employed by last week's deputation at the Mansion House. The attacks of the destructives were not easy to meet so long as the old idea of a church being only intended for use for an hour or two on Sunday ruled men's minds. Even this argument was based on a misconception. Active incumbents living among their own people have not been slow to discover that the city is not so absolutely deserted on Sundays as has been popularly believed, but that the materials of large congregations exist close to the church doors. As Canon Ingram has proved at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, and Mr. Benham more recently by his bright telling services at St. Edmund's, and, as we do not entertain any doubt, Canon Mason will soon show in his missionary work among the dock labourers and wharfingers of Thames Street and Tower Hill and the adjacent East End districts, in his revived collegiate church of All Hallows Barking, and Mr. Shuttleworth is already exhibiting in his crowded congregation at the other end of Thames Street among the warehousemen and clerks of Queen Victoria Street and the great business thoroughfares which surround his church—absorbing, so far has demolition gone, no fewer than six parish churches into itself—there is no longer any question that even on Sundays a man who knows how to adapt himself to his position, and suits his services and his sermons to the actual wants and feelings of the people, careless of his own ease or leisure, as well as of the supposed "dignity of the Church" of which she has been so nearly dying, will have, if not a full church—a rarity, we fear, anywhere, especially in morning, except in special cases—yet a congregation large enough to tax his energies to the utmost, and entirely to remove the disheartening sense of labour in vain. At one church—we purposely abstain from particularizing it—where the average morning congregation was four persons, since the change of incumbent the morning congregation fills the church, while in the evening the crowd is so great that there is no standing room. At another, where the services, we are told, are of the ordinary kind, with no special musical or oratorical attraction, the church is always full on Sundays. At a third the congregation, which was of the scantiest at the beginning of the present rector's incumbency two years ago, has gradually worked up, little by little, until it now as a rule fills the church, the people being almost entirely parishioners. At a fourth a lecturer, whose predecessor's congregation was usually limited to the clerk and sexton, has succeeded in getting together, and, what is more, keeping together, a good congregation.

Such facts as these are sufficient to prove the truth of the words of the Mansion House deputation, that if only the right men are appointed, men of energy, of zeal, and real devotion to their work, men who will live among the people and be their pastor all the week through, instead of driving down from the West End for their "Sunday duty," the City churches would once more attract regular congregations. The right man in the right place has proved the remedy for many apparently hopeless evils.

But the main argument for the maintenance of the remaining City churches lies in the self-evident though tardily recognized truth that the parish church is the parishioner's house of worship every day in the week, and not on Sundays only. If the Sunday population of the City is comparatively small, for six days in the week it is immense. These clerks and warehousemen and porters have each of them an immortal soul, for which the pastor in whose parish they pass the greater part of their lives must surely, if any one, be accountable. Slowly have our City incumbents awoken to

the responsibility thus attaching to them. Many, indeed, are far from being awake to it yet. But wherever this self-evident truth has been realized, and the consequent duties faced, the results have been most encouraging. To take only one example, though happily they are many, and constantly growing. At St. Edmund's, in Lombard Street, the 1.15 services on week days are generally attended by at least a hundred, nearly all men, mostly clerks and young men of the age when the purifying and strengthening influences of religion are most needed. On special days, such as the Rogation Days and Holy Thursday, the church was crowded to the street door. The church is left open from ten to four, and whenever any one goes in he will notice some men kneeling in prayer, others sitting quietly reading the Holy Scriptures, copies of the Bible being wisely provided for every sitting in the church. Weekly Bible classes are well attended; while, as the surest test of the reality of the work, the communicants sometimes amount to seventy. Surely in such facts as these, which we repeat represent the experience of one City church only, there is a sufficient answer to those who so persistently assert the absolute uselessness of the City churches, and a convincing proof that, as has been well said, "Every church in the City might be used for the advancement of God's glory if only the clergy would bestir themselves." Where they do the result is always the same. As Mr. Shuttleworth, the Vicar of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, has said in his address of "A City Rector to his Friends," "Out of nearly three-quarters of a million of people there must be a large proportion to whom a short bright service on a week-day in a City church, or a daily Te Deum or anthem, or a meditation with organ music for its only voice, or a few minutes' address or opportunity for private prayer or undisturbed thought would be welcome." "Many a busy heart-weary City man would be thankful beyond measure if the doors of the City churches, like the gates of the City of Rest, were ever open continually that he might freely enter and spend his few spare moments in quiet or in prayer."

Before our great National Church, with her illustrious history, makes the humiliating confession that she can turn to no good service her noble heritage in the City churches, and begs the Legislature for power to demolish the houses of God, and transfer elsewhere their endowments, at least let an experiment of using them be fully tried. If it fails—and where wisely and patiently tried it never has failed—it will then be time enough to make the heritage over to other husbandmen in another place, who will know better its value and its capabilities.

THE NAVY.

IT can hardly be said that the unfortunate Return respecting the strength of the navy which was issued last week has been the subject of much controversy, and, when the facts contained in it are considered, this certainly does not seem surprising. There is little use in continuing to argue with an adversary who has virtually capitulated, and as the Admiralty has been at some pains to show in the most brief and clear manner possible how weak we are in fighting ships, and especially in ironclads, critics are of necessity to a great extent silenced. Alarmists may cease from troubling when officials admit that they did well in sounding the alarm, and that there is excellent ground for the misgivings which they have expressed, and practically this is now admitted. Mr. Campbell Bannerman did indeed express surprise at the reception of the Return, and his word cannot be doubted; but it is difficult to suppose that his surprise was shared by any one else; and those who have, without any party bias, opposed the naval policy which has been pursued for years past may, without hesitation, point to the "Statement of the Fighting and the Sea-going Ships" as being substantially an admission that they were perfectly justified in their reiterated complaints. Of course, however, it is not a formal one. An official confession must be made in the official manner. Men who speak from Whitehall cannot be expected to say plainly that our navy is much weaker than it should be. But when the humorist who draws up a solemn report includes in his list one vessel which has never been to sea, another which has hardly been begun, and another which has never been trusted out of sight of land, it may fairly be said that generous antagonists can hardly ask for more. No doubt, it is not well to insist too much when, under cover of certain forms, an optimist view which has long been maintained is abandoned; but still it must be remembered that forms are misleading, and that there is a wonderful amount of superstition afloat respecting our power at sea. While, then, it would be most unfair to triumph over the Admiralty, which may have had an excellent object in publishing the Return, it is well to point out what is the real meaning of the evidence they now give, and to show that what purports to be a statement of naval strength is really a confession of naval weakness; unless, indeed, there is to be complete disregard of the constantly-increasing strength of foreign armaments.

Cogent criticism this remarkable statement of the present condition of our only safeguard against invasion did receive in the House of Commons from Sir J. Hay, who had small difficulty in showing how misleading it is, if taken seriously; but we cannot but think that the gallant Admiral treated the Return in rather too matter-of-fact a spirit. It is true that the "Abstract of both the Fighting and Sea-going Ships" gives

a total of sixty-two armoured vessels; and it might at first sight be supposed that this is intended to indicate a really effective force. When, however, the list is examined in the light of a moderate knowledge of naval affairs, it is so clear that there is nothing like this effective force as to make it difficult to suppose that the Admiralty meant to attempt even the most superficial deception. One vessel on the list is, as has just been said, only just begun. Mr. Campbell Bannerman, in introducing the Estimates, spoke of the *Hero*, a projected turret-ship of 6,200 tons, as if she had been commenced; but as at best she is only to be advanced to 24 per cent. by the end of the present month, she belongs altogether to the phantom fleet. For the exactly opposite reason another vessel must also be included in this reserve. Of the *Waterwitch*, now seventeen years old, Mr. King said, in 1878, that she had never been trusted out of sight of land, that she was not fit for coastguard defence nor harbour service, and that probably the next step would be to break her up. This step was not taken, but surely this poor, rickety, turbine-wheel vessel, which had such a feeble life, must be looked upon as having been long defunct, and nothing but a feeling of pleasantry can have caused her name to appear amongst those of the armoured ships of the British Navy. To many other vessels in the list objection was justly made, as they cannot be considered fit to form part of an effective sea-going fleet. Amongst the sixty-two names appear those of the coast defence vessels *Cyclops*, *Hecate*, *Hydra*, and *Gorgon*, which are not even fit for coast service in the winter. To one of them alterations have been made with a view of improving her sea-going qualities, which may or may not prove successful. If it is found that the desired result is attained, the others will be altered, and at some future date they may be within certain limits sea-going vessels; but they can only be described as ships for harbour defence. The larger home-service vessels *Glatten*, and *Holtepur*, and the *Prince Albert*, with Captain Cole's cupola, must also be excluded from the sea-going class, and it would be absurd to include in it the *Scorpion* and *Wyvern*, which were built for the Southern States during the war, but seized and purchased by our Government. Equally absurd would it be to treat as effective armoured ships those obsolete plated gunboats the *Vixen* and *Viper*.

For other reasons several vessels of a different type must, as was clearly pointed out in the debate, be struck off the list if it is desired to ascertain what our naval strength in fighting and sea-going ironclads actually is. The *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and *Resistance* are, in common with the redoubtable *Waterwitch*, described with some humour as waiting for repair. As they are more than twenty years old, and as it is impossible to say how much work an old armoured ship may require until she is thoroughly opened up—impossible, indeed, sometimes to say whether she will be worth repairing—these vessels can no more be classed as forming part of an effective navy than invalids who may take long to recover, or may never recover at all, can be treated as part of the effective strength of a regiment. Beside these old and possibly worn-out ships there must be placed in the ineffective list ships which are not likely to be of use for some time because they are still far from complete. Strictly speaking, of course, no incomplete vessel should figure in the list of fighting-ships, but there is no need to be pedantic in this matter, and it may fairly be admitted that, in estimating the strength of foreign navies, vessels which are being built are usually included. Such Estimates, however, relate to future strength. In a statement meant to show the present strength, and the strength within a moderate time, of a navy, it is ridiculous to include ships which cannot be completed for sea until 1887 or 1888; and the *Camperdown*, *Benbow*, *Anson*, and *Howe* must, at all events, be launched before they can be put down as ships of war. Altogether, then, twenty vessels must, under any system of computation, be deducted from the effective list; and to their number should be added some which must before long need large repairs. Accepting these, however, accepting vessels which are practically obsolete, and disregarding the condition of boilers—a trifling matter, concerning which no information is to be given—we have, on the most liberal computation possible, forty-two ironclads to answer all needs—to protect important ports abroad, and to be ready for service at home. Of course it may be contended that this is enough, because France has not, at the present moment, quite so many; that practically there is no danger, because, for the time being, we, without an army, are somewhat superior in naval strength to a country which has a huge army, and is in many respects far less vulnerable than we are. It can, however, no longer be contended that the navy of this country is a match for the navies of any two foreign Powers. We have more than once insisted on the fact that England might be over-matched at sea by an alliance between France and Italy, and now at last the truth of what we have said seems to be realized. Sir J. Hay stated in his speech that in number of effective ironclads the French and Italian navies were now superior to ours, and the absence of all contradiction gave the best possible confirmation to his words and to the predictions which we have made.

The decline of our comparative naval strength seems, then, to be now admitted, and oft-repeated criticism is virtually ratified by the official return which has been published. Owing, not to any official incompetence, not to any misuse of the money which has been voted, but to the simple fact that the money voted has not been sufficient, our navy is now quite inadequate for the work which might be required of it in the event of a European war, and

the statistics of the Admiralty, when properly examined, show this to be the case. This state of things may be allowed to continue, and indeed it is doubtful whether the general apathy will be dispelled; but, at all events, no excuse for it can be pleaded. On the whole it may be thought better to have a weak navy than to add to taxation, but there can be no doubt that the choice lies between danger and increased expenditure.

THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO COLIGNY.

THIS is an age of reparations and rehabilitations in the historical domain. It has been argued that Nero was a model of filial piety and Henry VIII. of conjugal fidelity; Richard III., we have been assured, was deformed neither in body nor in character and was a most affectionate uncle; and Frederick the Great—one of the most accomplished tyrants and hypocrites the world has ever seen—was selected by a writer, who by many is still looked up to, as little, if at all, short of “a prophet new inspired,” as the ideal of heroism and “reality.” And as it is also an age of artistic revival, our historical palinodes or repairs of past neglect are apt to be translated into bronze or marble. Within recent years, to take but a few examples, we have erected a Scott memorial at Edinburgh, and the Germans a Luther monument at Worms; and we are now preparing to do honour to the immortal Samuel Pepys. Only last year the first steps were taken, certainly not at all too soon, for the erection of a monument to Grotius at Delft, and it has just been proposed—with far more questionable reason or fitness—to put up a monument at Frankfurt to Schopenhauer, the chief modern apostle of pessimism, who conspicuously illustrated the worst features of his philosophy in his life. No such objection can be raised against the very natural proposal advocated the other day by two leading members of the French Protestant Church, at a meeting held in the Westminster College Hall, under the presidency of the Dean, to erect a monument in honour of Admiral Coligny at Paris. But we fail to understand why Englishmen should be asked to take part in what is mainly, if not exclusively, a matter of national interest for Frenchmen; neither indeed can we quite accept, even on the authority of Voltaire, the Dean’s somewhat enthusiastic estimate of Coligny as, “if not the greatest of Frenchmen, one of the most illustrious of the sons of France,” or M. Bessier’s commendation of him as a martyr for “liberty of conscience” and bright example of “perfect self-devotion to the service of God.” Dean Bradley was careful to disclaim any sectarian bias, yet it is difficult to see how, except as a demonstration of Protestant sympathy, any but his own countrymen can be asked to join in commemorating one whose only title to distinction beyond that of a national hero is that he was a leading Huguenot. And the names—neither very numerous nor very illustrious—of English attendants at the meeting seem to point in the same direction. Of course the massacre of St. Bartholomew was an event of European interest, and those whose knowledge of history, ancient and modern, does not go much further than a schoolboy recollection of Lord Macaulay’s *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and his hardly less popular Puritan and Huguenot ballads, must have, cursorily at least,

thought of Seine’s empurpled flood.

And good Colign’s hoary hair all dabbled with his blood.

The musical echoes will still linger on their ear of the lament of the vanquished after “the Battle of Moncontour,” who had to leave their “dear desolate home”

To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine,

which serpentine and other pleasing qualities were very remarkably exemplified in the St. Bartholomew. But still it is not obvious why Englishmen of any creed should particularly concern themselves, except in the way of abstract sympathy, with the erection of a monument to Coligny at Paris. However that is a matter which must be left to their own judgment and their own pockets to decide. Such assistance as the scheme may derive from a brief notice here of what is assuredly a memorable epoch, in a century exceptionally rich in eventful memories, we need not grudge it.

Mr. Lecky, who of course disapproves himself of religious persecution, but, like some other writers of his school, is always anxious to insist that it is the only consistent policy for those who have any positive beliefs to maintain, has selected as one of his proof-cases the massacre of St. Bartholomew. “France,” he observes, “is still ostensibly, and was long in truth, the leading champion of Catholicity, but the essential Catholicity of France was mainly due to the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.” On the contrary, it would be less of a paradox, though no doubt an exaggeration, to say that the widespread scepticism of modern France is mainly due to those causes. For the moment the plot succeeded, though even Catherine found herself obliged, almost immediately afterwards, to disavow her share in it; but, as Ranke, a higher authority than Mr. Lecky, very justly asks, “Can crimes of so bloody a dye be crowned with lasting success? Are they not at variance with the deeper mysteries of human events, and with those inviolable laws of nature which, even when not understood, are in constant though silent operation?” It is instructive to remember that the massacre of St. Bartholomew preceded by little above two centuries the no less horrible *noyades*

of Carrier, and the enthronement of Reason, in the person of a naked prostitute, on the high altar of Notre Dame. But there is a further objection to Mr. Lecky’s method of stating the case. The dragonnades of Louis and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes do afford an example of a genuine religious persecution, alike cruel and impolitic, and for the time it went far to extirpate from France the Protestant minority. But it was and always had been a very small minority among the people generally, though at one time including about a third of the aristocracy, and it was certainly not their expulsion which preserved, to use Mr. Lecky’s phrase, “the essential Catholicity of France.” The leading motive however was a religious one, Louis being at the time under the influence of his Jesuit directors. It is no excuse for the odious policy of Catherine de Medicis, but rather the reverse, that its inspiring motive was clearly not a religious but a political one; but it places the Huguenot massacre in a somewhat different category from the dragonnades of the next century, and a still less respectable one. Neither party, Catholic or Protestant, in the sixteenth century had the least idea, begging M. Bessier’s pardon, of what we understand by “liberty of conscience,” or felt the slightest scruple, when they got the upper hand, of inflicting on their rivals the persecution they naturally exclaimed against when their own turn came to suffer it. Mary’s Protestant martyrs only “got as good as they gave,” to put it bluntly; Cranmer had enforced on the boy King the burning of Anabaptists, and Latimer in the previous reign had preached a brutally jocose sermon while Prior Forest was being roasted to death suspended over a slow fire for denying Henry’s spiritual supremacy. Coligny and his Huguenots, to cite Ranke’s words, “gave no quarter,” because “in the papal soldiers they beheld the army of Antichrist.” But Catherine de Medicis, like her rival Elizabeth of England, was, consciously or unconsciously, a true disciple of Machiavelli, and for religious ends as such she cared nothing. As Mr. Froude puts it—and his testimony may be trusted here, for Catholicism is even more offensive to him than Catherine—“religion, in its good or in its bad sense, was equally a word without meaning to her.” She had favoured the plan for the marriage of Anjou, and, when that fell through, of her third son, D’Alençon, with the heretic English Queen. When the crisis came, and her interests required the sacrifice of Coligny, who had already been wounded but not killed by the shot of a hired assassin of the Duke of Guise, she would apparently have been satisfied with his death only. But the feeble and frightened boy in whose name she misgoverned France dared not go so far without going further. It was he who cried out in a paroxysm of tears, when driven to desperation by the fierce insistence of his infamous mother:—“Since you will have the life of the Admiral, take it; but, at the same time, you must kill all the Huguenots in France, so that not one may survive to reproach me.” Catherine declared that she only desired the death of six men and would charge her conscience—a tolerably elastic one—with no more; 50,000 actually perished. There is no need to repeat here the too familiar details of the hideous tale. But it must be noted that the whole North of Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant, including a large portion of the French Catholic nobility, protested against the ruffianly crime. Charles found it prudent on the same day to have letters written by his Secretaries of State signed by his own hand, representing the affair as a private quarrel between the partisans of Guise and Coligny, and despatches were sent soon afterwards to warn the Cardinal of Lorraine that he must cease to extol it as a glorious triumph. When the Pope sent a legate to congratulate Charles, he was coldly received by the Queen Mother, and the Court of Rome had the discretion to make no parade of the present sent it by some zealots among the assassins of the head of Coligny.

But for the part played in the business by the Popes of the day there is unfortunately nothing more to be said. It cannot be proved, as Ranke points out, that Pius V. was privy to the preparations for the massacre, “but he did things which leave no doubt that he, as well as his successor, would have sanctioned them.” He had formally approved the butcheries of Alba in the Netherlands, and had privately encouraged plots for the murder of Elizabeth. But Pius had gone to his grave four months before the fatal day. His successor, Gregory XIII., best known to the world as the reformer of the Calendar, was an able and cultivated man, and is described in the Memoirs of Richelieu, with imperfect accuracy, as “prince doux et benin, meilleur homme que bon pape.” He at all events did not leave doubtful his estimate of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He celebrated the event by a solemn procession of thanksgiving to San Luigi, and by medals struck to commemorate it, where the Archangel is depicted presiding over “the slaughter of the Huguenots,” and a picture of it was painted, which may still be seen at the Vatican. It is curious that the Venetians, who had no interest of any kind in the matter, should have expressed in official despatches to their minister at Rome their satisfaction at “this mark of God’s favour.” Cardinal Santorio, who was the Spanish favourite some years later, in the Conclave of 1592, and narrowly missed his election to the Papacy, has designated the event in his autobiography, still extant in MS., “the celebrated day of St. Bartholomew, most joyful to the Catholics.” He tells us by the by, in this same autobiography, that the night after learning his failure of the election, which he had reckoned upon as certain, “was more painful than any moment I ever endured. The heavy grief of my soul and my inward anguish forced from me—incredible to say—a sweat of blood.”

On the whole it is impossible to exculpate the Court of Rome from full complicity at least after the fact. In the chief perpetrators the crime must be attributed rather to political Machiavellism of the worst kind than to religious bigotry. In the subordinate agents there was probably a mixture of political and religious fanaticism, as the Huguenots were always looked on as the unpatriotic, and therefore naturally became the unpopular, party in the country. And this of course helps to account for the acquiescence, if not approval, accorded by public opinion to the persecuting policy of Louis XIV. But some further explanation is needed for the peculiar atrocity of the transaction we are immediately concerned with, and it must be imputed partly to "the fool fury of the Seine," which has again and again since then deluged Paris with blood shed by her own citizens, partly to its Medicean authorship. That family concentrated in itself, as in a microcosm, the darkest corruptions of the moral side of the Renaissance, and it rejoiced them to revel in a carnival of lust and blood. Such little "grain of conscience" as they retained—and we have seen that Catherine could talk about her conscience—only served to "make them sour" towards heretics, whose Puritanism was offensive, and whose destruction might possibly prove acceptable to heaven as a makeweight against many pleasant sins. Charles IX. indeed is said to have suffered agonies of remorse on his death-bed, though he was really far less guilty than his wretched mother, but he had in his veins French as well as Italian blood. And to "the serpent of Florence" must be chiefly traced the original sin of the terrible tragedy of St. Bartholomew.

THE THEATRES—MARGERY'S LOVERS.

TRUE drollery is so rare a quality on the stage that Mr. Royce was ill spared from the Gaiety Theatre, and his return last Saturday was the more welcome because it had been little expected. Two years since a stroke of paralysis incapacitated the comedian who has done so much for the fortunes of the Gaiety, and it was feared that the chance of his reappearance was hopeless; but such predictions have fortunately been falsified. Mr. Royce has recovered much of his health and strength; his desire to return to his profession was strong upon him, and Mr. H. J. Byron's burlesque of *Don Cesar de Bazan* was specially revived for the purpose of allowing the original Don José to resume his character. The fascination of the footlights is not to be resisted, and why this is so, the experience of Saturday went far to prove. Much kindness and friendly warmth of feeling pervaded English audiences; that Mr. Royce would be cordially received was certain, but he could scarcely have anticipated the enthusiasm with which he was greeted. When the familiar figure in the broad-brimmed hat stalked upon the stage early in the burlesque, a round of cheers broke forth, and these signs of welcome were again and again renewed. It seemed as if the audience which filled the theatre would never have ceased to congratulate the favourite on what the programme particularized as his "partial recovery." Mr. Royce soon proved that the power of grotesque dancing had not left him, and he dived through a trap at the end of one scene with no lack of his former agility. His voice, both in speaking and in singing, was somewhat weak; but after so long an absence and so severe an illness this was natural. There seems every reason to hope that Mr. Royce is permanently restored to the stage, and if the rough and tumble fun of burlesque be too heavy a strain, he is so good an actor that other paths in which intelligence and dramatic aptitude are of more avail than physical activity will be open to him. A comedian of ability might be better placed than in a theatre where audiences receive with positive rapture such inanities as Miss Farren's song "I'll strike you with a feather," of which little is comprehensible, while that little is worse than merely senseless. What does duty for Sheridan's *Critic* is now pressed into service. To burlesque what was burlesque to start with is a sorry task. The Gaiety company by its preposterous exaggerations is completely successful in excluding all the fun from the piece. As here represented *The Critic* is a very tedious affair.

At Toole's Theatre Mr. Burnand's *Paw Claudian* goes more brightly than ever. It is a return, and a more successful one than *Stage Dora*, to the true spirit of burlesque, burlesque as Talfourd and Planché imagined it. Mr. Toole's exquisite caricature of Mr. Wilson Barrett grows upon one; as does Miss Linden's humorous imitation of Miss Eastlake. Mr. E. D. Ward is vastly diverting as the hermit, and Mr. Shelton as the Tetrarch contrives to give a really funny parody of what is in itself a feeble caricature. The earthquake now works admirably, and is quite as impressive as the original earthquake at the Princess's.

There is something eccentric about the proceedings of a dramatist who energetically claims the paternity of an unsuccessful work. Apart from any question of success, however, a charge of plagiarism may reasonably annoy the author who knows that his piece, whatever it may be worth, is at least purely original; and Mr. Brander Matthews, the author of *Margery's Lovers*, which was recently produced at the Court, has issued a small pamphlet to prove that when he put his name to that comedy he did so because it was in every particular his own. For ourselves, we recognized considerable merit in the play. Its career was short, however, perhaps because the representation was inadequate in important particulars, perhaps

because the management was hasty and timorous, or possibly for other reasons; and it would not be worth while to recur to the affair except for the fact that a vague and clumsy charge against the honour of a distinguished man of letters, who is a stranger to the country where his play was produced, needs refutation. Mr. Brander Matthews's pamphlet makes the task which courtesy suggests a very easy one. Mr. H. P. Stephens, who is known as a writer for the stage only by his crude imitation of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's comic operas, professes to have written a play called *Hearts*, from which he supposes that Mr. Brander Matthews, who has earned reputation as a writer on dramatic subjects, English and foreign, stole—plain speaking is best—his story, characters, and incidents. Mr. Stephens seems to show some reticence as to the date when his comedy *Hearts* saw such light as has been vouchsafed to it. The first traceable proof of the existence of Mr. Stephens's play comes from Mr. Augustin Daly, the manager of Daly's Theatre, New York. Writing on the 21st of February, 1884, Mr. Daly says, "it is scarcely two years since Mr. Stephens (one of the *Billie Taylor* authors), who was then on a visit to New York, sent me a play of his to read. My present recollection is that I examined the piece immediately, and returned it with my answer within thirty-six hours after its receipt." The play in question is understood to have been *Hearts*, and what Mr. Daly's answer was may be easily assumed. But two years previously to this Mr. Daly had read *Margery's Lovers*, then called *Breakers Ahead*. Corroborative evidence—were it needed—is furnished by a writer who in 1878 was collaborating with Mr. Brander Matthews and saw him daily. Speaking of *Breakers Ahead*, this gentleman, Mr. H. C. Bunner, says of his partner, "he talked with me about the play from its inception to its completion; we discussed its progress, and I knew of every emendation or modification of the original schemes, and was familiar with the plot, as first conceived and as finally perfected. If one man can properly say of another's work that it is original, I can and do make that affirmation in this case." Furthermore, Mr. Coghlan knew *Margery's Lovers* in June 1881. If *Hearts* does indeed bear a striking resemblance to the Court comedy, it can only be said, as was said by Mr. Puff with reference to himself and Shakespeare, that "two men hit upon the same idea." But Mr. Brander Matthews used it first.

CONCERTS AND RECITALS.

THE programme of the Crystal Palace Concert of last Saturday was one of very great interest. It opened with Mozart's Prague Symphony in D, and an extremely fine performance of this beautiful music was given. In these days Mozart's music is, as it were, crowded out between two schools, one of which professes to despise him on account of that which makes his great charm to most music-lovers, his intense power of melody, which they are pleased to call too sweet and cloying, whilst the various branches of the followers of the modern school are unable to see any merit in any composer except the particular master whom they choose to worship. We thus too rarely get an opportunity of getting the thorough musical repose and satisfaction which may be got more surely from Mozart's works than even from those of the greatest of all masters, Beethoven. Schumann's Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra (Op. 54) was also played, with Mlle. Janotha as the pianiste. She also played Chopin's Nocturne in C sharp minor and Valse in A flat. The Concerto was, on the whole, a good performance, and Mlle. Janotha's exquisite touch even succeeded in producing pleasing sounds from the piano which is generally used at the Crystal Palace Concerts. For her solos she used an instrument by Bechstein; but, though her touch is as delicate and beautiful as ever, and though her manipulation has, of course, if anything, improved with time, both in the Concerto and in the pieces by Chopin we could not avoid feeling that there was some falling off in musical sentiment. Even in the Concerto, though here Mlle. Janotha must still feel the influence of Mme. Schumann, there was a slight coldness, and in the Chopin solos the artist seemed to be a little out of sympathy with her composer. The concert ended with an admirable performance of Rossini's *William Tell* overture—a performance reflecting great credit on Mr. Manns both as a handmaster and a conductor. He may be congratulated on taking the "Ranz des Vaches" in the proper tempo and avoiding the practice which has grown of playing this movement so fast as completely to destroy its meaning. It might have been better had he shown the same moderation in the March movement, which, to our thinking, ought to be taken a trifle slower than it is by Mr. Manns.

At the present moment, when Mr. Dvorák's name is in every mouth and his music being performed at almost every important concert in London, the great interest of the concert centred in certain of his compositions—two orchestral pieces, performed for the first time in England, and two songs. The first of the orchestral pieces was a Notturmo for strings (Op. 40). This is an example of the composer's own individual or national manner, and therefore is perhaps the more important as regards estimating his powers than even his "Stabat Mater" which we have so recently noticed. The main theme of this Notturmo is extremely beautiful, full of character and individuality. It is treated in a scholarly way, and so as to bring out its full beauties. The piece is short; but perhaps the theme is rather more drawn out than the idea will quite bear. However, on the whole, this composition is so

beautiful that we hesitate to point to even the smallest blemish in it. The second orchestral piece, *Scherzo Capriccioso* for orchestra (Op. 66), is even more peculiar than the *Notturmo*. It is, indeed, peculiar to the verge of eccentricity. As is truly pointed out in the programme, it belongs to the class of musical rhapsodies. To describe it is almost impossible. It seems to be built on a waltz movement of great beauty, which is perpetually interrupted by the most extraordinary, weird, and almost comic passages, distributed freely amongst the different parts of the orchestra. We can, perhaps, give an idea of the character of this remarkable work by saying that it might well have been written as a piece of programme music with the title of "A Rustic Fête." The waltz movement might be taken here to represent the dancing of the young people in the market-square, and the interruptions as representing now the shouts and contortions of mountebanks, now the garrulity and laughter of the greybeards over their wine, and now the harsh calls of showmen. But, in spite of this eccentricity and almost incongruity, the work is beautiful, and stamps its composer as a man of strong individuality. Mr. Dvorák did not show to such advantage as a conductor on this occasion as he did when directing his "Stabat Mater." His beat was so uncertain, so often invisible from being made below his desk, and altogether so wanting in that fire and light and shade which his music so emphatically demands, that we feel sure that his compositions would have been heard to greater advantage had the baton been left in Mr. Mann's hands.

The songs "Mein Lied ertönt" and "Als die alte Mutter," which are Nos. 1 and 4 from the Gipsy songs (Op. 55), were both extremely pleasing, each of them being a flow of quiet, beautiful, unforced melody. Though perfectly original in thought and style, they may be best described by saying that they are conceived in much the same form as some of Gounod's best songs and the beautiful opening serenade in Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*. The accompaniments were played by the composer himself, who showed considerable skill as an accompanist, and were admirably sung by Mr. Winch, who is the fortunate possessor of a true tenor voice. He sings well, and his phrasing and expression show that he has a true musical mind. Mr. Winch was also heard in the Barcarole from Gounod's *Polyeucte*, in which, owing to nervousness, he was less successful. He showed a tendency to force his voice and end each breath with an audible gasp; but even with these faults the success which he achieved obviously restored him to full command over himself, and in Dvorák's songs both these defects had entirely disappeared.

The programme of Mlle. Janotha's Pianoforte Recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday was highly interesting and varied, including three songs by Schumann, excellently interpreted by Herr von Zur Mühlen, and Beethoven's Sonata in C Minor for piano and violin (Op. 30, No. 2), in which the pianist was assisted by Herr Joachim. It is only natural that Schumann's compositions should occupy a prominent position on this occasion, and it is significant of the decay of the stupid prejudice which for so many years deprived the works of the great master of romance of the honour due to them. No one has done more than Mme. Schumann to correct public taste in this direction, and if there are people still unconvinced, we fear that even the brilliant rendering of the *Kreideriana* by her pupil, Mlle. Janotha, would prove a vain appeal. Mlle. Janotha's performance of this fascinating work exhibited not only perfect technique, but complete mastery of its vast range of expression; the *bizarre* and fitful character of the various numbers, the quaint and changeful rhythm, the exuberant colour, the most delicate alternations of light and shade were rendered with faultless perception and exquisite subtlety. In the *allegretto* of Beethoven's Sonata in E minor (Op. 90) the pianist's beauty of touch and refined style were strikingly displayed. The other contributions comprised Chopin's Nocturne in C sharp minor and Barcarolle; a Romance in E flat minor, by Clara Schumann; and a Gavotte and Valse, by Janotha, in the execution of which Mlle. Janotha showed the versatility of an accomplished artist. The Barcarolle, in particular, was rendered with true sympathetic insight. The C minor Sonata was, of course, the chief attraction to a large audience, Herr Joachim's masterly interpretation eliciting rapturous applause. Mr. Zerbini was the accompanist.

NITA'S FIRST.

AT the Novelty the strange adventures of a baby inspire the action of Mr. T. G. Warren's farcical comedy, *Nita's First*, and exemplify the magnitude to which one initial error may attain if not at first rightly apprehended. If Nita, clandestinely married to Will Frankleigh, had not treated her first-born very much as the man in the *Arabian Nights* story treated his guest who was choked by an inhospitable fish-bone, the tissue of diverting events that sprang from her extraordinary conduct would never have overwhelmed her family with confusion. Inexperience, and the exigencies of the case, may certainly plead for her, and there is just that element of nature in her act which, in farce, justifies the most extravagant humours and the most grotesque situations. Impelled to precipitate action, she no more foresaw consequences than the reckless person in the old story who, having incontinently caused the death of his visitor, sought to escape responsibility by passing on the body to a neighbour; there is just sufficient extenuation of her conduct to make its probability, faint though it is, a clear and reasonable basis for the astonishing imbroglio that

follows. In this *Nita's First* differs from many similar comedies; while in farcical breadth, ingenuity of construction, and vivacity of action it is excelled by none.

No mere outline of the action can convey a true notion of the spirit of merriment that animates the piece; it is too volatile in its nature to be caught, and to exist in any other medium than stageatmosphere. Its ingenious series of surprises, each accentuating the other through an extreme rapidity of development, can only be appreciated by representation. The art, however, by which every member of her family is gradually involved in the consequences of Nita's escapade merits recognition, and may be in some measure demonstrated; the cleverness with which the force of destiny is thus humorously illustrated is the chief, though not the most obvious, merit of the play. Returning home at dawn, Fred Fizzleton indulges in a brief sleep in the morning-room, and is disturbed by Jane, the servant, who enters with the shawl-enveloped parcel which contains the fruit of future discord, and places it on the table, with the information that it had been left at the house for her master. With surprise and horror he discovers the baby, and, hastily resolving to escape the dilemma, sets off down the street, not without the baby's crying reaching Mrs. Fizzleton's ears. In his absence his wife questions the prevaricating Jane, and her imperturbable schoolboy nephew Jim, in vain. The ensuing breakfast-scene is very amusing, and ends with Mrs. Fizzleton's determination to leave for ever the house of mystery. In the meantime, the unhappy babe is deposited by Fred in the hall of Miss Prim's house, with the inevitable result of much scandal. Fred learns the truth in a letter from his sister Nita, and, agonized by the discovery, bids Jim fly to rescue it. Henceforth, in what ways the baby wanders—how it is taken from the house of the maiden lady to the police-station, and from the police-station to the interior of an empty cab—Jim only knows, and suffers for his knowledge when interrogated by his distracted uncle. In the next act we are introduced to the elder Fizzleton, irascible by name and nature; and Mrs. Patience Fizzleton, a charming old lady, whose placidity continually exasperates her husband, and whose observations strikingly recall the *naïveté* of a well-known character in *Frank Fairleigh*. Nita is naturally anxious about the success of her scheme, and is speedily made a sharer in the contagious excitement by the arrival of Jim, who tells his miserable experience; and, shortly after, her husband enters, during the absence of the old folk, and declares his intention to announce the marriage and reclaim the baby. He, of course, ultimately learns the horrible truth; and the climax is reached when Fred, with the cabman, bursts into the room with the dread intelligence that the missing baby was supposed to be *en route* for Edinburgh, and more inaccessible than ever. This is too much for the overcharged feelings of the unhappy parents, who rush forward, divulge their marriage in the presence of the whole family, and proclaim the paternity of the little wanderer, amid voluble explanations and general prostration. In the last act a ray of comfort gleams across the stricken household; news such as consoled the owner of Mark Twain's white elephant arrives; the searchers are "on the track" of the baby, and every one is busy with Bradshaw and expectant of the desired moment. The entrance of Miss Prim, who is bent on extracting substantial damages for her injured fame, and the presence of a Mr. St. George, an insane youth who had been paying his addresses to Nita, further complicate the situation. From this point to the triumphal entry of the jubilant father with the babe in his arms the laughter provoked is so general and hearty that the play lapses at times into pantomime, though the final culmination is inferior to the ingenious and cleverly constructed finale of the second act.

Nita's First is excellently interpreted throughout, Mr. W. H. Denny's irascible and Miss Fanny Robertson's original and piquant Mrs. Patience Fizzleton being particularly admirable. The schoolboy Jim is played with much force and stolid humour by Mr. T. W. Robertson; Miss Clara Jecks' Jane is a capital study of the servant girl, full of character, and never exaggerated; and Mr. T. G. Warren's Fred Fizzleton is very humorously conceived and energetically played. Miss Stella Brereton's Nita is natural and pleasing, and Miss Minnie Bell as Mrs. Fred Fizzleton, Mr. Kerr as Will Frankleigh, and Mr. E. W. Gardiner as St. George, are efficient in their parts. In the old and amusing little piece, *The Bonnie Fishwife*, which precedes *Nita's First*, Miss Minnie Bell fills two parts with much spirit and humour, and is well supported by Mr. Denny and Mr. Percival Stark.

THE ART GALLERIES.

THE regular exhibitions had a powerful competitor last week in the Potter collection which was on view at Messrs. Christie's. It consisted mainly of eleven great pictures by Mr. Briton Riviere, all of which fetched fair prices, though perhaps hardly so much as was expected. The average, however, was just under 1,000*l.* a piece—namely, 10,909*l.* 10*s.* The highest price was given for "Daniel in the Lions' Den," which was sold for 2,500 guineas. Two exquisite Mulready's were strangely neglected. Pictures by this great artist are so rare that to see fine examples like these sold at such nominal prices as 10*s.* for the "Bathers" and 31*s.* for the "Surprise" was a disappointment, the more so as two very poor, not to say unpleasant, portraits by Mr. Millais

fetched 1,470*l.* and 1,365*l.* each. On the whole, the result of all the sales of this season so far has been to show a fall which last season hardly led us to expect—a fall which should be taken into account by artists now engaged in estimating the value of their pictures in the forthcoming summer exhibitions. Mr. Crompton Potter was a judicious buyer. He had early training in art, for his father was the chief promoter of the famous Manchester Exhibition of 1857; yet it may be doubted whether the sale of his gallery would show, if examined, that even the capital sum invested without interest had been realized. While works of art thus appear to be cheaper than they were, the production seems to increase. The number of exhibitions, public and private, is so numerous that a conscientious critic might spend all his time in going from one to another. With this activity, however, it cannot be said that much real progress is apparent. Nothing can be more disheartening than to go from a modern exhibition into the National Gallery, except perhaps to look at the copies made there by the artists who crowd the rooms every Thursday and Friday. A few good copies, perhaps four or five, may be seen, the best being of pictures of a kind no one would think of painting now as originals, such as the early Italian "gold grounds." But when we visit a gallery like that of the "Society of Lady Artists," and look in vain for evidence that all this study of old masters has any effect in improving public taste, we may well feel despondent as to the present state and future of English art. The dull dead level of mediocrity to which the lady artists sink is hardly relieved by a single picture which we can praise unreservedly. Even artists like Miss Clara Montalba and Mrs. Jopling, who really can paint pictures when they care to do so, are represented here by works wholly unworthy. Miss Helen Thornycroft sends nothing; Miss Ellen Partridge two figures of very moderate interest; Mrs. Naftel four or five sketches which call for no remark; in short, as we have hinted, even when good names occur in the Catalogue, pictures such as we might expect are not to be seen.

Taking the order of the Catalogue, Miss Marian Croft's "My Gipsy Queen" (79) is a delicate little water-colour, so delicate, in fact, as to verge on weakness. Mrs. Oliver's "Richmond Park" (95) may be praised for firm, if somewhat conventional, handling, but the foreground is too spotty. The background shows some of the best work in the gallery, if not the very best. "Young Egypt" (103), by Miss Cookeley, occupies a place of honour over the chimney-piece, a distinction to which we cannot consider it entitled. "Early Autumn" (106), by Miss Spiers, is small and neat, and might have been expanded into a good picture. Miss Kempson's "After Sunset, Loch Tarbert" (111), is a pretty water-colour, with considerable force and depth. "Chrysanthemums" (112), by Miss Hastie, is a little hard, but on the whole a fair flower-piece of a very ordinary kind. Miss Beresford's "Roman Leguminara" (118) is not up to the mark aimed at. A fine solid-looking rock and sea-piece, "On the Beach—St. Margaret's, Dover" (140), by Miss Wenham, is almost skied, but might repay a closer examination. Miss Kempson's illustration of Wordsworth's line, "The sleep that is among the lonely hills," may be compared with her "Loch Tarbert" mentioned above. "Trade on the Bosphorus" (176) is a pleasant, bright picture of a fruit-seller and two veiled women by Miss Mary Sharp, and looks like a study on the spot, which may account for a certain hardness so often seen in Oriental sketches, on account, perhaps, of the strong light. "Sailing at Sunset" (207) is one of a number of very similar water-colours by Miss Macaulay, representing the same yellow skies and tan sails. Of "Mist in the Meadows" (221), by Miss Deakin, it is not possible to say anything unfavourable, the little that is left of the landscape being well and softly painted. Miss Wratiaslaw sends several pictures of very various degrees of merit. Her figure subject, "A Nubian Beauty" (231), is very inferior to her architectural interiors, of which "St. George's Chapel, Windsor" (214), is the hardest and flattest, and "The Cathedral, Monreale, Sicily" (248), the most pleasing. "Samedi en Finistère" (257) is the best work we have seen by Miss Helen Mabel Trevor—a Frenchwoman sweeping out a neat chamber, decked with all kinds of "properties." The painting is solid and the drawing correct, but there is a certain want of harmony in the colouring which goes far to spoil one of the few good figure paintings in the gallery. Another figure study is "From Damascus" (277), by Miss Merriek, which shows a familiar face, and looks as if it came from the school of the Royal Academy, as does "Isult of Brittany" (291), by Miss Clow. Mrs. Schenk's "Sad Memories" (304) is of the same class. "A Swedish Landscape" (297) is by Miss Hilda Montalba, and represents a pleasant-looking girl in red walking through a very ragged wood, altogether a good, solidly-painted, and harmonious picture, but with a great deal too much "canvas to let." "Winter" (652, but wrongly numbered), and "Summer" (662) are by Miss Cook, and are very simple little flower pieces, set off by well and solidly-painted crockery. We have gone rather out of the way to find what we could praise, but the whole exhibition is extremely disappointing if we look at it as really representative of the state of art as practised by English ladies.

The ladies of a different profession have opened another exhibition—that, namely, at South Kensington, in the Royal School of Art-Needlework. A magnificent and widely-representative loan collection of ancient embroidery, chiefly ecclesiastical, has been gathered and admirably arranged. The Catalogue is a careless compilation, being not only incorrect, but needlessly long

in some places and short in others. The first object mentioned is a cope of Florentine gold tissue, lent by Mr. Eyre of Stonyhurst, which is described as having been "made at Florence for Henry VII., along with numerous other ecclesiastical vestments, and doubtless used at the consecration of his chapel at Westminster." An extract from Henry's will is given which is believed to relate to the suit of which this was one. It would be curious to try how this cope would fit into the cope-chest still remaining in the triforium of Westminster Abbey. Little is known of the history of this magnificent piece of embroidery, but there can be small doubt of its identity. "It found its way to the English College at St. Omer, and was brought back to England at the time of the French Revolution—about 1794." It is ornamented with two twining stems, bearing red and white roses. The portcullis of Henry VII. is four times represented, as well as the mysterious "SS" mark and other significant badges. A chasuble (74*A*) is one of three said to have belonged to Westminster Abbey, and is lent by the Bishop of Southwark; it is composed of a patchwork of very old embroidery, some of it probably of the thirteenth century. Very conspicuous are a number of Hebrew embroideries, "Mantles," for keeping the scroll of the law. Some of them are lent by the South Kensington Museum, others by the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, Bevis Marks, and by the Great Synagogue in Aldgate. They are all very handsome, some of them really magnificent, and chiefly dating from the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. An "Antependium" (36) is lent by the Dean and Chapter of Winchester Cathedral, and is embroidered with the arms of William of Wykeham. Its date is not certain, but it ornamented a pulpit of the time of Elizabeth or James I. in the chapel of New College, Oxford, and is probably of that period. An "Altar Frontal" (88*A*) is lent by the Rev. Thomas Miller, of Ridge Vicarage, near Barnet. It was presented to Ridge Church by Katharine, Lady Blount, in 1600. Another parochial possession of the kind is a Cope (94), which comes from East Langdon Rectory, near Dover. The Catalogue oracularly says of it:—"Originally it formed a Priest's Cope, but was subsequently cut to make a hanging for the pulpit, the pieces being used for a cushion, now completely destroyed." Some wonderful embroideries in gold, silver, coral and pearls, and much beautiful darned work and lace altar-cloths, must be passed by. A little picture on paper (131) looks like an illumination from a manuscript. It is a representation of the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane, and is lent by Mrs. Williamson. It is really an embroidery, "and, if held up to the light, the piercings of the needle can be seen, though both sides appear the same." A beautiful altar-frontal of Spanish work, gold on white (not in the Catalogue), is lent by the Countess Brownlow. A magnificent pair of cuttings from ancient vestments (160, 161) are lent by the Duke of Westminster. They are greatly spoilt by the bad taste of the mounting, which makes them into fire-screens. There are many other objects of great interest and beauty; but probably nothing in the Gallery is of greater value and importance than the fine series of five palls lent by the Vintners', the Merchant Taylors', the Fishmongers', and Ironmongers' Companies. That of the Vintners is well known as having been exhibited on several occasions, and is figured in the third volume of the Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society. It has figures of saints on the sides and ends, the centre being a magnificent piece of the so-called "pomegranate pattern." The arms of the Vintners' Company, and those of, probably, the donor. A long, but confusingly printed, appendix relates to the "Herse Cloth" lent by the Merchant Taylors' Company. It is described, as well as the others, and one belonging to the Brewers which is not here, in the second volume of the Catalogue of the famous exhibition of art and antiquity held in the hall of the Ironmongers' Company in 1861. A second, belonging to the same lenders, is embroidered with the scissors which used to be the Merchant Taylors' badge. The Fishmongers' Pall (178) is known to have been used for the funeral of Sir William Walworth in 1381. This interesting relic is beautifully ornamented with figures of saints and coats-of-arms. The Ironmongers' Pall is of the sixteenth century, and has the arms of the Company and the name of the donor, John Guyva, who presented it in 1505; but the date is, perhaps through the ignorance of the embroiderer, marked on it as 1515. Altogether, this is one of the most pleasing and interesting exhibitions which has been opened in London for many years.

THE INDIAN WHEAT TRADE.

THE problem how to develop the resources of India is at last attracting the attention of which it is eminently deserving. The Chambers of Commerce of Bombay and Calcutta, backed by those of the principal towns of this country, have long been urging the importance of the question upon the Government, and now it has been referred for consideration to a Committee of the House of Commons, whose inquiries, we trust, will lead to the adoption of practical measures. India is periodically liable to famines, because its people are so poor that the failure of a single harvest plunges them into dire distress, and because the means of communication are so defective that it is not easy to transfer the surplus food of one district to another where there is a deficiency. Government has endeavoured to cope with the evil by establishing great public works when the need for them arises, and by giving relief upon a

vast scale; but it is evident that a permanent remedy can be found only by so increasing the prosperity of the country that there will be everywhere such an accumulation of wealth as will render famine as impossible in India as it is now in Western Europe. Although India is, in one sense, one of the poorest countries in the world, in another it is extremely rich—it is rich, that is, in undeveloped natural resources. Could those resources be developed employment would become more abundant; wages would rise; the margin out of which savings could be effected would be increased; wealth would accumulate, and after awhile the prosperity of the country would so greatly augment as to render drought a much less serious disaster. The Government would be relieved from the financial embarrassments that now harass it, since the people would be better able to pay their taxes, and each tax would be more productive. And this country would derive material benefit, inasmuch as from this country India receives the bulk of its imports, and, if its purchasing power were increased, it would buy more from us. If it is thus desirable to develop the resources of India generally, it is especially desirable to stimulate the wheat trade. At present we obtain our principal supplies of wheat from the United States and Russia; two countries with protective tariffs, which are eager enough to sell to us, but endeavour by every means in their power to contract their purchases from us. India, on the contrary, is a Free-trade country, which buys from us the greater part of its imports; and if, therefore, we were to transfer our custom largely from the United States and Russia to India, we should enable one of our best customers in turn to buy more largely from us. Moreover, India is a portion of the British Empire, and every addition to its strength is an addition to the strength of the Empire. Lastly, the development of the wheat trade would increase the value of land in India, would improve the condition of the peasantry, would raise wages, and, above all, would tend to accumulate surplus food which, in case of need, could be retained at home. From a telegram that appeared in the *Times* on Monday last we learn that inquiries instituted by the Indian Agricultural Department show that the area under wheat is about 26 million acres. This is about nine times the area under the crop in the United Kingdom; it is fully six times the area under it in Hungary, itself an important wheat-growing country; it is very nearly equal to the area under this grain in European Russia; and it is fully two-thirds of the area under the crop in the United States. India, it thus appears, ranks third amongst the nations of the world as a wheat grower, and the yield also is very considerable. It is estimated at from seven to seven-and-a-half millions of tons, or, roughly, about thirty-two millions of quarters. The Agricultural Department is of opinion that in good seasons about one-fourth of the whole yield would be available for export, assuming that the railway communications were improved. This would give an export of about eight millions of quarters, or about one-half our total import in a year. In other words, if the statistics of the Agricultural Department are trustworthy, India under favourable conditions would be able to supply us with half the wheat that we at present buy from all the world. It would be able, therefore, very largely to take the place of both America and Russia. We know of this report only from a telegraphic summary, and cannot judge therefore of the value of the evidence upon which the estimated surplus available for export is based. It is, however, higher than has hitherto generally been accepted. Unquestionably there has been an extraordinary growth in the wheat exports of late years, which seems to show that the ability of India to supply the European markets is very great. But it is to be recollected that the Indian peasantry are in the habit of storing up their wheat in pits, that they refuse to sell when the price falls below the customary figure, and that it is usually estimated that nearly three years' supply is thus held back waiting for a favourable opportunity to sell. If this be so, it is clear that for a few years an enormous export might be maintained. But it does not at all follow that the volume of the exports could be kept up when the old accumulations had been exhausted. However, the surplus available for export is a mere estimate, which can be tested only by experience, and we need not therefore dwell upon the subject. It is probable, indeed, that if a ready market were afforded, the area under cultivation would be greatly extended. It is certain that there is a great extent of land now uncultivated or under other crops which might be applied to the growing of wheat. But in the opinion of many who are well acquainted with the country, the production of wheat cannot be considerably increased without trenching upon the growth of the food required by the natives, or without such an increase in the cost of production as would check export. This, again, is a question that can be decided only by actual experience.

The Indian wheat trade was called into existence by the opening of the Suez Canal and the depreciation of silver. In 1874 the total export was no more than 33,080 tons; in 1882 it had risen to 417,954 tons, and last year it exceeded 1,100,000 tons. Now that the Suez Canal dues are to be considerably reduced, a further impetus will doubtless be given to the trade. But it is to be recollected that, if the trade becomes really great, it will tend to raise the value of silver. At present the depreciation in silver is about fifteen per cent. The gold price obtained in London for wheat, therefore, when turned into silver, is really fifteen per cent. higher than it seems to be, and, consequently, the depreciation in silver greatly aids the Indian wheat trade. Still further has the trade been stimulated by the construction of railways. Even now, however, the mileage of railways in India is only about

one-twelfth of the mileage of the United States, while the area of India is about half that of the United States. For every six miles of railway in the United States, therefore, there is only about one in India; and it is evident under these circumstances that India does not compete with the United States on equal terms. Consequently, it is urged by all who are interested in the trade that the construction of railways should be greatly accelerated. The Chamber of Commerce of Bombay has put forward a scheme which is totally impracticable, which would increase the debt of India too rapidly, which would draw too largely upon the London money market, and which would burden the Indian taxpayers too heavily. It may be put aside, therefore, without discussion. The Chamber of Commerce of Calcutta has urged in more general terms a more moderate scheme, and Sir James Caird, in his evidence before the Parliamentary Committee last Tuesday, recommended that about six millions a year should be expended on the construction of railways in India. Unfortunately, India itself is without such an accumulation of wealth as would enable a large construction of railways by native capital, while the natives themselves are apparently unfit for engaging in the work. Private enterprise in Europe, too, is little willing to embark in this kind of venture. On a small scale, private railways are being built without a Government guarantee; but if railways are to be pushed forward at the rate that is desired, it seems clear that they must be built by the Government, or the Government must be prepared to give a guarantee. That it need not guarantee five per cent. is highly probable; perhaps a guarantee of three per cent. would suffice. But some guarantee is necessary if there is to be a great and rapid extension of railways, unless the Government itself undertakes the task. The question then arises, whether there is such a prospect of developing the wheat trade as would justify the Government in doubling or trebling its present outlay upon railways or burdening itself with guarantees? At present it engages in railway-building chiefly as a precaution against famine; but, if it is to yield to the new demand, it must satisfy itself that the railways will pay commercially. The inquiries of the Agricultural Department referred to above show that there is a vast area under wheat already, and that there is a large surplus; but as this area was cultivated before the export trade had attained considerable proportions, it seems to follow that the wheat must have been raised for home consumption, and consequently that, if the export trade is to become permanently important, the price must be raised considerably. If so, is there any probability that India can successfully compete with the United States? In other words, can wheat be grown in India so much more cheaply than in the United States that the native demand can be fully supplied and a considerable export to Europe maintained, while bearing the cost of a voyage so much longer than that to America? Upon this point the evidence is very conflicting. The best Indian wheat—that which is in most demand in the London market and which commands the highest price—is grown in Northern India; and, according to the Agricultural Department, the cost of producing it is about 12s. per quarter. If this be so, undoubtedly India can compete with America, for the American cost of production is considerably higher. But we should like to know how the estimate of the Agricultural Department has been arrived at. Usually the peasant obtains his seed from the village money-lender, paying interest for the advance at the rate of about twenty-five per cent. per annum. When the time comes round he has to sell a portion of the crop to pay his rent, and he must sell at whatever price can be obtained. Has the Agricultural Department based its estimate upon the selling price at the time the rent is paid? or has it taken the price in some out-of-the-way market where railways do not yet penetrate? If so, the estimate is worth little. If, on the contrary, the estimate is based upon the average price at a sufficient number of considerable markets all over Northern India throughout a series of years, it fairly represents the present cost of production. Doubtless, if the export trade were to assume large proportions, other land of a worse quality would be brought under cultivation, and the cost of production would increase. But still, if the average cost of producing wheat in Northern India now is only 12s. a quarter, it seems clear that a very large trade can be maintained.

The Chamber of Commerce of Bombay, besides calling for a great extension of railways, is demanding that the existing Companies should reduce their rates. It is doubtful whether much can be done in that way. It is obviously to the interest of the Companies themselves to encourage a trade which would add largely to their earnings, and they may be trusted to do what they can towards that end. But it is to be borne in mind that the Government guarantees the Companies a minimum interest, and if that interest is not earned the charge falls upon the taxpayers. It would be very questionable policy, indeed, to encourage the wheat trade at the expense of the poor taxpayers of India. Now, it seems to be beyond question that the existing rates for the carriage of wheat hardly pay; in other words, if all the goods carried by the Railway Companies were conveyed at the same rates as wheat is, there would be little or no profit to the Companies. The Companies charge low for wheat, and compensate themselves by charging high for more valuable commodities. The real difficulty appears to be, not the railway charges, but the extortionate usury of the money-lenders. For example, in Northern India, where we are told by the Agricultural Department, the cost of production is only 12s. a quarter, the market price in several important towns is 22s. The peasant who raises the crop does not receive the difference; it goes into the pocket of the

money-lender. As already stated, he advances the seed to the peasants at about 25 per cent. interest, and it is he who collects the grain and stores it. As long as the crop is raised in this manner, it is difficult to see how local prices can be brought down. If a system of land banks could be established, the rate of interest would be at once reduced, and the profits made by the peasants would be proportionately increased; while with additional prosperity they would doubtless be enabled to adopt better systems of cultivation and to raise their own standard of living. All this, however, is a question of time; but it is a question all the same that eminently deserves study. The charges of the middlemen appear to be overweighing the trade at present, and until they are legitimately reduced it is not probable that the trade will be greatly increased.

REVIEWS.

THE DUKE OF BERWICK.*

SEVEN years ago (November 4, 1876), when reviewing Colonel Wilson's earlier volume bearing the title of *James II. and the Duke of Berwick*, we expressed surprise that he should have broken off his memoir of so renowned a commander precisely at the point where its interest as a record of important military achievements would have begun. Before the death of his royal father and the outbreak of the war of the Spanish Succession, Berwick's public career, though it had already earned for him a considerable reputation as a general, which his personal loyalty and integrity had enhanced, was after all to be summed up as a long series of unfortunate experiences. In the Hungarian campaigns of 1686 and 1687, with which his service under arms began, he was at first only a volunteer, and then a subordinate. The rapidity of his father's downfall, hastened very probably by his uncle's very potent instinct of self-preservation, prevented the young Duke at the critical moment from striking a blow for the maintenance of the Stuart throne; nor could he render any service to the cruelly disenchanted King beyond accompanying him in his final flight. It was Berwick who sat faithfully by his father's side, penned up in the small cabin of the *Harwich*, during the arduous and perilous Christmas voyage which bore them into a common exile. Soon afterwards in Ireland the Duke showed strategical ability in the operations designed to prevent the advance of Schomberg upon Dublin; but he was unable either to avert the disaster of the Boyne, where he led the cavalry on the right wing, or, after being appointed to the command-in-chief of the Irish forces, to arrest the further progress of the English arms. During the remainder of his father's life he served in the Low Countries at the head, first of Irish soldiery, and afterwards of a French regiment of his own. But he had no opportunity of very specially distinguishing himself, and at Neerwinden (Landen), where he had been heard urging a body of two hundred volunteers to an attack upon the person of King William himself, he was even unfortunate enough to be taken prisoner by his uncle, Brigadier Churchill. Three years afterwards, in 1696, occurred his secret mission to London, when he was charged with the task of inducing the Jacobites to rise before the landing of the French expedition, and then of placing himself at their head. As is well known, this mission proved a failure, and something worse than a failure. It is very well for Colonel Wilson, in a footnote in his present work referring to a passage in its predecessor, to contrast with Berwick's generosity in absolving Stair from any intention to procure the assassination of the Old Chevalier the readiness of Berwick's opponents to accuse him of conspiring to murder William III. We fear that the Duke's own memoirs convict him unmistakably of a clear insight into Barclay's designs; a conclusion in which we are at one, not only with Macaulay, but even with a Catholic historian such as Onno Klopp. This solitary blot will not easily be washed away from the fair scutcheon of Berwick's fame. His journey to Rome, undertaken in 1701, with the purpose of persuading Pope Clement XI. to support the Bourbon cause in Spain, was likewise unsuccessful; nor was it till the middle of the War of the Spanish Succession that the Pope's neutrality, benevolent as towards France, ended with a little war waged on his own account against the Emperor.

The second, and far more brilliant, part of Berwick's public career, which Colonel Wilson has undertaken to narrate in the volume now before us, was begun by him still in a subordinate capacity. We may here observe at once that the biographer (if so modest a term will suit his humour) leaves the reader, as best he may with the help of an index, to disentangle the narrative of the Duke's campaigns and other doings from that of other more or less contemporaneous transactions. In the case of his services in the campaign of 1703 under Villeroy, Colonel Wilson may be right in suggesting that the sagacity of Berwick had some part in the contrivance of the French movements, which, together with the slowness of the States-General and the undue haste of one of their commanders, almost completely disappointed the hopes of Marlborough. But it was not till after the close of this campaign that Berwick's opportunity at last arrived. In November 1703 he

was appointed to the command of the French army corps destined to support the cause of Philip V. in Spain; and, feeling his foot at last upon the ladder which might speedily raise him to the marshalate, he obtained the permission of the "King" at St. Germain to be naturalized as a Frenchman. Colonel Wilson protests against the insinuation of St. Simon that Berwick owed his appointment indirectly to that redoubtable intriguer Mme. des Ursins; and certainly the indifference (to say the least) which he showed to the question of her ascendancy in Spain—an indifference which afterwards brought about his own recall—is not easily reconcilable with any such assumption. Soon after his arrival at Madrid, in 1704, he was appointed Captain-General of all King Philip's forces; and, though his strength was unequal to that of the Anglo-Portuguese forces, he contrived by a bold substitution of the offensive for the defensive to push them back across the frontier. The Golden Fleece rewarded his success; but, to the astonishment of Louis XIV., female influence induced Philip before the year was out to part with his preserver.

Berwick, though an honourable and high-minded man, was a soldier first and above all, and on more than one occasion in his military life addressed himself without hesitation to the execution of tasks against which it might *a priori* be supposed that he would have felt a natural repugnance. There is no reason to suppose that such had been the case in 1696, when, as Montesquieu puts it, he had undertaken a strange kind of commission, of which the object was to induce persons to act against common sense. At the end of the War of the Spanish Succession he was employed to suppress the heroic resistance of the Catalans, with whom, as a brave man, he can hardly have failed in some measure to sympathize. On the other hand, when, in 1705, he was appointed to the command in Languedoc, and had, in the first instance, to stamp out the remains of the revolt of the Camisards, he seems to have regarded the work as both righteous and necessary. His strictly Catholic training may have had something to do with this feeling; but he evidently looked upon the Camisards as savages, deserving nothing short of what, *mutatis mutandis*, William III. and the Master of Stair would have called extirpation. He tells us in his Memoirs that, "by means of executions, tranquillity was restored in the course of a single month"—a passage which naturally reminds an historian of the Camisards (Bonnemère) of the famous Tacitean "*solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*." Yet he does not seem to have been altogether without bowels. Curiously enough, the memory of the fearful struggle in the Cevennes was not long afterwards revived on the occasion of Berwick's most brilliant military success. At Almanza the Huguenot regiment raised by Cavalier in the Netherlands was opposed to a French Catholic regiment; and so savage was the fight between them, conducted entirely at the point of the bayonet, that, writes Colonel Wilson, "Out of 1,200 contending men, not more than 300 escaped unhurt . . . Voltaire relates that the Duke of Berwick, familiar as he was with the horrors of war, never spoke of the incident without emotion."

Before Berwick had been again invested with the command in Spain, his capture of Nice in January 1706 had obtained for him the desired marshal's bâton. When, in the following February, he found himself once more at Madrid, he was confronted by difficulties of all kinds; and the greater part of the year during which the Anglo-Portuguese entered the capital, and which, in point of fact, marks the highest tide in the achievements of the Grand Alliance, brought to him nothing but bitterness and vexation. Berwick himself attributes the recovery of the Bourbon cause out of the desperate condition into which it had fallen to the gross errors committed by the generals, together with the matchless fidelity of the Castilians; but Colonel Wilson's narrative makes it clear that, without the resource and patience of the Marshal, the allied generals might have quarrelled, and the Castilians might have displayed their fierce enthusiasm, in vain. The great battle of Almanza, in April 1707, justified to the full the previous tactics of Berwick, which cannot perhaps be precisely called conciliatory, but which had enabled him to form an army which he could at last lead to decisive victory. Philip V. was now really King of Spain, and a shower of royal rewards descended upon the great commander, such as even Berwick's uncle might have looked upon without disdain. The Marshal was himself too good a family man to contemn either honours or income; but the scheme which he afterwards developed of leaving to his eldest three sons three peerages of the highest rank in England, France, and Spain respectively had to be curtailed after the prospect of a restoration in the first of these countries had virtually passed away. Hence his eldest son, the Marquis of Tynemouth, actually succeeded to the Spanish grandeeship, and as Duke de Liria took possession of the estates which had been granted to his father after the battle of Almanza. His second son was to have inherited what Colonel Wilson severely calls "the barbarous and shameful title of Fitzjames"; but, as he died childless, and the next two brothers were ecclesiastics, it went to the fifth son (the fourth by the Duke's second marriage), who became a Marshal of France like his father. Colonel Wilson states that the Château de Fitzjames in the Beauvoisis was alienated only two years ago by the present holder of the French title.

Berwick conducted many campaigns after that to which he owed so large a part of his reputation and his wealth; altogether, says Colonel Wilson, he boasted twenty-nine campaigns, in fifteen of which he led armies.

Nevertheless, strange as it may seem, he was present only in six battles, in one of which—Almanza—he commanded in chief. Averse from mortal

* *The Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France—1702-1734*. By Charles Townsend Wilson, Lieutenant-Colonel. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

arbitrament, he used to say that a general should never deliver a pitched battle, the result of which is always uncertain, unless nothing else remained to be done. The purpose of a campaign, of a war, perhaps the existence of the State, should not be staked when the object might be attained by wise dispositions and skilful manœuvring.

Villars said of his brother-Marshal, that among his many talents he perfectly understood the art "de fermer bien un pays"; and Montesquieu reported a saying of Berwick himself, that he had all his life desired the duty of defending a first-class fortress. Never was his ability in maintaining the defensive better illustrated than in 1709, when he held the chief command in Dauphiny—at a time when France would have been lost, had her King and her people, as well they might have done, despaired of the commonwealth. Berwick's system of defence, which extended along a frontier stretching from the Lake of Geneva to the Riviera, with Briançon in Dauphiny as a slightly protruding centre, proved completely successful, so that in the next year he could spare for service elsewhere nearly a quarter of his forces. In his campaign, already mentioned, against the valiant Catalans in 1713, he once more assumed the offensive; and the capture of Barcelona at last made Philip V. master of the whole of Spain. Strangely enough his next campaign, in 1719, was conducted against the prince whom he had established on the Spanish throne. Yet neither his sword nor his counsel was at the beck and call of every occasion; he declined to serve on the Council of War of the Regent Orléans, having believed himself entitled to a seat on the Council of Regency; and at the risk of losing the confidence of "James III.," he declined to go to Scotland to head the army there in 1715, on the ground that as a naturalized Frenchman and an officer of the French crown he could not leave the country against its will. After his return from Spain, where the war had been no doubt instinctively carried on by him with less than his usual vigour, he served in several important provincial governments—in Provence combating an enemy more terrible than in Spain, the plague, against which he was not contented with half measures. (The statue of the good Bishop Belsunce, whose efforts had preceded the Marshal's, will be remembered by every visitor to Marseilles.) In 1733, when the War of the Polish Succession, which of itself would suffice to point many a speech in support of the principle of non-intervention, broke out, Berwick was speedily sent to the Rhine. But little was done till the following year, in the course of which the Marshal invested the much-contested fortress of Philippsburg. The siege was in progress, when, on the 12th of June, 1734, Berwick was killed by a cannon-ball while inspecting the trenches in the company of his son the Duke de Fitzjames. Marshal Villars, who was very shortly to follow his comrade and fellow-townsmen (both were born at Moulins), exclaimed on hearing of the circumstances of his death:—"Cet homme a toujours été heureux."

Whether or not this judgment was exact as to the career of the Duke of Berwick, he certainly as a soldier deserved the success which neither genius nor a lucky star can at all times ensure. He never conducted his campaigns with a view to popular applause or royal favour; nor was he afraid of the charge of tardiness and want of spirit which has at all times menaced the circumspect commander. He provided with special care for the supplies on which the health and strength of his troops would have to depend, and was a consistent disciplinarian without being a martinet. The simplicity and high-mindedness of his nature, which were accompanied by an openhandedness to which even his vast revenues proved unequal, must have stood him in good stead in his dealings with many kinds of men; in an age the insolence and servility of which alike revolted an observer such as St. Simon, the victorious general seems to have taken no liberties, and the bastard of an exiled King to have permitted none. His private life was almost proverbial for its kindness and purity; but Colonel Wilson verges on the namby-pamby in his imaginary picture of the last parting of "James Fitzjames" and his second wife.

If the truth has to be told, Colonel Wilson in the course of this volume not only verges on, but lapses into, several excesses and defects of manner which we had hoped he might have cast off in the course of seven studious years. Though his book as a whole is neither heavy nor trivial, his style is occasionally all too solemn (as where he takes away our breath by informing us that "woman is the pivot of our social system"), but far more frequently errs on the side of flippancy. Why should a military historian, borrowing the phraseology of Tommy Traddles, speak of the Princess Marie Louise of Savoy, afterwards Queen of Spain, as "one of the dearest girls imaginable"? Why should he introduce "the vivacious matrons of the present day" into an anecdote concerning the experiences of the Countess Tilly? (What warrant, by the way, has Colonel Wilson for calling her husband a Fleming? The family took its name from a place south of Brussels, not very far from the field of Waterloo.) But we have no inclination to multiply examples of what Colonel Wilson evidently considers ornamental passages. In the same light he doubtless, and more naturally, regards his quotations, which are strewn through his pages thick as leaves—but we may leave him to finish the quotation for himself, although it is not taken from his and Dr. Pangloss's favourite author. An almost equally troublesome habit is that of interlarding his English narrative with bits of French. Inasmuch as his book is necessarily founded to a large extent upon the memoirs of his hero, while he has liberally used St. Simon and other French sources, there were of course many occasions on which a quotation of *ipsisima verba* was not only permissible but advisable; and in general it would be mere pedantry to deny to a

historical writer a reasonable liberty in the use of tongues. But Colonel Wilson's text is (he obliges us to quote) "of amphibious nature." On the other hand, we gratefully acknowledge that he has taken a hint on which we ventured in our review of his earlier volume, and has greatly enhanced the value of its successor by giving chapter and verse in nearly all the useful references with which it abounds. He does not, however, say whence he has taken his statement as to the cause of the disgrace of Count Gallas, which appears to us incomplete if not incorrect, while the mention of Maurice "de Saxe" as having served under Marlborough at Malplaquet is misleading, inasmuch as a letter from his mother thanked the boy's immediate commander, Schulenburg, for keeping him out of the battle.

Military readers will find in Colonel Wilson a critic who pre-eminently has the courage of his opinions, and who justly holds that students of the art of war may learn something from great generals who lived before Count Moltke. In this as in other respects there is not a little to be learnt from the narrative before us; it is the more to be regretted that its author should not have confined himself more closely to his subject, and have treated it without a succession of flourishes and antics which no biography could have better spared.

MR. TROLLOPE'S LAST NOVEL.*

THE volumes before us contain work which, as was explained in the preface to the author's Autobiography, was written before *The Land Leaguers*, but which, unlike *The Land Leaguers*, was finished and perfect. *An Old Man's Love*, moreover, is, in more than the mere mechanical sense, a more finished book than *The Land Leaguers*. It is very much shorter, and deals with a much more confined set of situations; indeed the whole really important part of the action is comprised within a space of time very little longer than the twenty-four hours of the venerable Unities. It is also more original in design and *donnée*, not only than *The Land Leaguers*, but than any of its author's more recent work, with the doubtful exception of *The Fixed Period*, which was not so much a novel as a *jeu d'esprit*. There are a few slips here and there, pretty evidently due to failing memory and other physical weaknesses. A personage is named Furnival in one place and Hall in the rest of the book; a sentence or two here and there has a slight slovenliness which he would certainly not have committed in his earlier days. But, on the whole, the book is not an unfitting finale to an almost unparalleled series of works in fiction; and there is something in its pathetic motive which may be thought without much fancifulness appropriate to a *pièce d'adieu*. Not, of course, that Mr. Trollope meant it as his good-night to the auditory which he had amused continuously for a whole generation, but that the Fates did. And the Fates have an even better habit than the best artist of shaping things decorously, and so that they shall come to an harmonious close, or, at any rate, a not inharmonious close.

The plot of *An Old Man's Love* is simple enough. William Whittlestaff, aged fifty, is a kind of squireen, or, to speak more exactly, a *rentier*, with a country house and certain acres appertaining near Alresford. He is a person who has had losses in the world—losses of a sort which breaks no bones, but still affects some natures very amply. He has failed in making his mark at Oxford; he has failed still more in attempting to make his mark as a poet; he has been jilted at thirty by a certain wicked, fair-haired Catherine Bailey, who afterwards married an odious and successful lawyer; and his fortune, which would have been ample, has become simply comfortable owing to certain injudicious speculations of his father, who was disgusted at his son's refusal to go to the Bar. So at fifty Mr. Whittlestaff is something of a humorist (in the old sense), though no misanthrope, and something of an old bachelor, without exactly being that kind of old bachelor which corresponds strictly to an old maid—in the worst acceptance of that opprobrious term. He is reasonably familiar with his neighbours; carries, or has carried, his gun now and then; reads the classics (than which his contemporaries might find many worse employments); and half teases, half is teased by, his ancient housekeeper, Mrs. Baggett. After many quiet years, and at the age already twice mentioned, something happens to him. In an extra-legal kind of fashion an embarrassing ward is thrown on him in the person of a certain Mary Lawrie, daughter of an old friend, and left at five-and-twenty quite penniless. After a little reflection he decides that he is old enough and confirmed bachelor enough to take her into his house and treat her as his daughter. Mary Lawrie is attractive without being beautiful, affectionate without being demonstrative, and reserved without being shy or sly. She comes to Croker's Hall (as Mr. Whittlestaff's house is named), and abides there for more than a year, feeling very grateful to her host, who has redeemed her from the inferno of governesshood or companionship. By that time Mr. Whittlestaff has necessarily, and according to the common way of a man with a maid in the same house, fallen in love with her—a process in which he is, in an odd sort of way, encouraged by Mrs. Baggett, who thinks it only right that he should do what he likes, being a man, though she is at the same time determined not to endure a mistress, and agonized at the thought of having to retire to the society of her graceless husband,

* *An Old Man's Love*. By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1884.

ex-Sergeant Baggett. At last Whittlestaff proposes, and Mary, after some changes of feeling and some grotesque interferences of Mrs. Baggett's, accepts him. She tells him, however, that her heart is not, and cannot be, wholly his. There is in the background a certain John Gordon who two or three years before, being, like her, penniless, has had to leave England to make his fortune, and from whom she has never heard since. But Gordon had never spoken, and she does not feel justified in rejecting her guardian and benefactor summarily because of this vague and half-imaginary tie. *Sur ces entrefaites*, as the practised reader anticipates, John Gordon turns up with a fortune made at the diamond fields, and with the fullest intention of claiming Mary. Here is a deadlock which is rather complicated than resolved by the explanations which follow. Gordon is determined to win if possible, Whittlestaff is determined not to lose, and is backed up by the ancient housekeeper, who is contemptuous of the instability of diamonds and indignant at her master not having his way, while Mary, though all her affection for Gordon has revived, is steadfast to her word. So the situation is fully evolved before the first volume is finished. How it is settled in the second need not be formally stated. The two noteworthy things in the book are, first, the conflict between selfishness and generosity, or, rather, between selfishness of the vulgar and selfishness of the more refined sort in Whittlestaff; and, secondly, the manner in which his housekeeper, a most excellent soul, urges him to persevere and hold Mary to her word. It would almost seem as if Mr. Trollope in this last character had wished to show in decorous and modern matter the same curious peculiarity of the feminine nature and its tendency to side with man against its own sex which Middleton drew so cunningly in *Women Beware Women*, and Richardson more elaborately, but perhaps not more cunningly, in *Pamela* and *Clarissa*. It is rather a shame to compare good Mrs. Baggett with Mrs. Jewkes and Mrs. Sinclair; but there is little doubt of the comparison holding, proper allowances being made. The battle of the good and evil angels in Whittlestaff (under the somewhat unexpected influence and guidance of Horatian "tags," instead of texts of Scripture) is one of the best pieces of what fine writers call soul-dissection that Mr. Trollope ever did. It must be left to readers to decide whether the curious and rather unmanly garrulosity of the hero after he has made his election is or is not true to life. For ourselves, we do not think it out of character. At any rate, Mr. Whittlestaff is one of the least commonplace of Mr. Trollope's personages. John Gordon has nothing particular to differentiate him from scores of his likes; and Mary Lawrie is not much more than an addition to Mr. Trollope's vast army of girls—attractive enough, but not at all out of the common way, and by no means too bright or good for human nature to make hearty meals off them daily.

The story would not be its author's if, short as it is, it had not plenty of minor characters, and episodic sketches. Mrs. Baggett and her drunken reprobate of a sergeant might perhaps undergo considerable "cutting" without much disadvantage. John Gordon's partner at the diamond fields, Fitzwalker Tookey, and his wife Matilda (the latter, however, does not appear in person), are thumbnail sketches from Mr. Trollope's African tour of a somewhat naturalist kind, and we are not certain that we could not, despite their liveliness, have spared them. Mr. Hall, the squire, who "could give a dinner without champagne," and "thought forty shillings a dozen enough for port, sherry, or even claret" (by the way, if by this is meant the sum which the wines cost him when he laid them down, he might have treated his guests very well, but if otherwise we praise him not), who achieved the ideal of living upon half as many thousands a year as he had, and who was not by any means a friend in need where money was concerned, but still a hospitable and not disagreeable old person, is one of those thoroughly lifelike outlines the abundance of which in Mr. Trollope's books always went far to conciliate the judicious reader. He never gave bad measure in this respect, never seemed (as some practised novelists do) to be wondering how little the reader would take for his money. The four Miss Halls are merely supernumeraries, and so is their friend Kattie Forrester, who, however, has some of the not wholly commendable pertness which sometimes showed itself in her creator's girl studies. But Kattie Forrester's betrothed, the curate Montagu Blake, the last and not least good-humouredly malicious figure of Mr. Trollope's famous clerical gallery, almost deserved fuller handling. Mr. Blake is quite amiable, and by no means wholly a fool. His criticism on the diamond business—"if you gave me three diamonds, I can easily imagine that I should toss with another fellow who had three also, double or quits till I lost them all"—exhibits an amount of good sense and knowledge of human nature, as well as of neat expression, which the reader (this is at Mr. Blake's first appearance) is sorry not to find constantly borne out. But he is garrulous, a busybody, singularly devoid of delicacy in his attempts to make other people happy, and ludicrously indifferent to anything but the very smallest small beer (metaphorically speaking, for speaking literally he has a generous, though not excessive, taste for port and whisky). He plays his part, however, very well, and indeed the whole little story, as Captain Clutterbuck would say, goes trippingly off, and presents in very curious miniature the merits and the defects of its many predecessors. Nor ought a word of praise to be omitted for the descriptions. The author's work in this kind was so unobtrusive in contrast with the flaring daubs of the day that it has too often lacked the praise it deserved.

TWO ILLUSTRATED BOOKS ON THE EAST.*

M. LE DOCTEUR GUSTAVE LE BON is an anthropologist who some time ago wrote a work entitled *L'Homme et les Sociétés*. In this he dealt with the physical and intellectual evolution of the individual man, and discussed how, during the lapse of time, individuals agglomerated, and societies of men passed upwards through the various stages which lie between the nomad tribe and the civilized State. He now proposes to examine in detail the history of each of the civilizations which the world has seen, and he has begun with that of the Arabs. To hit noble quarry one must aim high. The subject is a noble one, and the author's aim is high; but in the beautifully illustrated volume which lies before us, we feel that the author sometimes gets beyond his depth for lack of erudition, no superfluous accomplishment in one who would write the History of Civilization. It is not enough to have journeyed in Syria and Egypt, to have travelled by rail in Spain and Algeria. To compose a history of Arab civilization that can be worthy of the name, the writer must be versed in the Moslem sciences, and have a very competent knowledge of the classical Arabic; he must be sufficiently acquainted with the sciences of the Greeks of the seventh century A.D. to appreciate our debt to the Arabs when, in the third century A.H., they snatched up the torch, and for a time carried on the work; and, finally, he must have studied the history of Europe during the middle ages to judge why the philosophy of Averroes was the bugbear of Rome, and to appreciate what was the learning that Christian theologians went to study in the porticoes of the Great Mosque at Cordova.

Up to the present time translators have not worked enough to enable this chapter in the history of civilization to be written by one who does not command his materials at first hand. The authorities which M. Le Bon has used in the composition of his works are not cited at the foot of his pages, but are gathered together at the end of the volume in a "Bibliographie Méthodique." He states that he has given here "la liste de tous les ouvrages arabes importants traduits dans une langue européenne" and other works "utiles pour la connaissance de l'histoire des Arabes." Such a list would be extremely useful were it compiled with some small critical faculty by one who had read the works cited. But with M. Le Bon this is far from being the case. He mentions, for instance, Conde's most apocryphal *Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes*, adding, "Ce livre, écrit d'après les manuscrits arabes, a été traduit en français par Marles," and in the same column, without any note of excellence, follows Dozy's *Histoire des Musulmans d'Espagne*, a work that is really of the first rank both in scholarship and style. Typographical errors are annoying to the reader, but do not impeach an author's scholarship; also let any system of transliteration for Oriental names be employed that the writer may prefer. But M. Le Bon's carelessness (not to use a harsher word) in such matters is unpardonable for a serious work. The historian Nowairi, both in the body of the work and in the table of contents, is written *Howairi*, and we have to recognize the celebrated biographer of Arab physicians, Ibn-Abi-Osaibia, under the mutilated form of *Obou Osaibat*; Ibn-Khordadbeh, too, is reduced to *Ibn-Khardabih*. The well-known German Professor, Nöldeke, figures under the M's as *Moeldeke*, and then again under the N's as *Noeldoke*; and a list of Arabian philosophers is given without any indication of what would be the real transcription of their names, with mediæval forms, such as Albulmazar, Avenzoar, or Alchindus, although we notice Alkindi written rightly enough two lines below. "Les ouvrages arabes non traduits," says M. Le Bon, "n'ont été cités que lorsqu'il s'agissait de livres d'une importance exceptionnelle, tels que les séances de Hariri, par exemple"; but then why does Ibn-el-Athir's *Chronicon* follow Mr. Howorth's *History of the Mongols* as though it were a translation? and does our author imagine Wüstenfeld's *Chroniken der Stadt Mekka* to be in German? Such blunders are the more annoying to the reader who turns to these pages to find "les indications nécessaires pour compléter l'étude des points qu'il voudrait approfondir," and on such principles as the above we opine that the author has laboured needlessly in the compilation of his bibliographical index.

Let us, however, give all praise to M. Le Bon's volume on the score of its illustrations. On the remains of the architecture of the Moslems, and for describing their arts, his book is one of no inconsiderable merit; his readers will be saved, also, many pages of tedious description by the exact delineation of monuments and objects of art which the camera has enabled our author to bring home from his travels. By the use of the instantaneous process, furthermore, photographs have been taken of such scenes as are presented by the crooked Eastern street, blocked up by the nuptial procession; and we have the shops of the various trades, with the craftsmen squatting at his work, his tools spread out around him, and his assistants in the background. Besides photographs, M. Le Bon has made an excellent selection from the works of O. Jones and Murphy for Spain, of Prisse d'Avesnes and other Frenchmen for the Levant; while for Persia he has had to trust to the folios of Flandrin and Coste, since, apparently, he has not visited that country himself. It is, however, time to give our readers some detailed account of M. Le Bon's volume and of the

* *La Civilisation des Arabes*. Par le Dr. Gustave Le Bon. Paris: Firmin-Didot et Cie. 4to. 1884.

La Syrie d'aujourd'hui. Par le Dr. Lortet. Paris: Hachette et Cie. Folio. 1884.

theories set forth therein. It is divided into six books, of which the first is chiefly anthropological, while the second and the third depict the genesis of Islam, and the Arabian Empire in its various provinces from India to Spain.

The chapter treating of the Arab dominion in Spain is, perhaps, one of the best in the work. After describing in some detail the high degree in civilization which Spain enjoyed during the eight centuries that the Moslems owned her soil, M. Le Bon notes the extreme feebleness of the political genius of the Arabs, and points out how completely their princes failed to weld the Arab tribes settled in the Peninsula into a body politic that should make head against the continual encroachments of the Christians from the North. In recounting Abd-ar-Rahmán's invasion of France and his defeat by Charles Martel at Poitiers, M. Le Bon starts the somewhat novel theory that after all Poitiers was not one of the decisive battles of the world, and that it would have mattered but little for Christendom in the end had the Arab won the fight. According to our author's view, the expeditions into France were mere raids for the purpose of obtaining booty, and no permanent settlement of that country was ever intended by the Arab chiefs. That Charles Martel's victory did not annihilate the power of the Moslems on the French side of the Pyrenees is shown by the fact that for two hundred years—till the end of the tenth century—the Arabs still held Provence. And M. Le Bon concludes that had Pépin d'Heristal's son never led the Frankish chivalry to victory against the Moslem hordes, the course of history might still have run on much the same, and that the Arabs would have retired again into Spain laden with the booty of Tours or some few of the neighbouring towns. So far we may follow M. Le Bon; but it is hard to share his regrets that France was not in point of fact conquered as Spain had been by the Moslems. The view taken is that, seeing the gross barbarism into which Europe at this time was plunged,

il est évident qu'au point de vue de la civilisation de l'époque, les populations chrétiennes n'auraient eu qu'à gagner à se ranger sous la bannière du prophète. Adoucis dans leurs mœurs, les peuples de l'Occident eussent sans doute évité ainsi les guerres de religion, la Saint-Barthélemy, l'inquisition, en un mot, toutes les calamités qui ont ensanglanté l'Europe pendant tant de siècles, et que les musulmans n'ont jamais connues.

The italics are our own. We refer M. Le Bon to any volume of Moslem annals, and let him see whether toleration, as in mediæval Europe, was not rather remarkable by its absence in the days of even the most enlightened of the Khalifs. Do not the massacres of the Alides and the persecutions of the Mo'tazelite philosophers indicate but too plainly how matters fell out in "the Golden Prime"? In dealing with the Crusades our author, as might be expected, and in full justice, has little to say in favour of the Christian knights. The barbarism of the middle ages learnt in the end many lessons by being brought into contact with the luxury of the civilized East; but it must be admitted that the knights of the West behaved, for the most part, very like savages, pillaging friends and foes indiscriminately, and giving but a poor example of the effects of Christianity in the bad faith and the blind ferocity with which they treated their enemies. The East, on the other hand, could and did learn but little in civilization from the Europe of those days; and in the West it was during the Crusade that the clergy, greatly fostered in their intolerance, learnt that indifference to bloodshed which bore such terrible fruit in the cruelties of the Inquisition and the massacres of Jews and Albigenses. Prior to the Crusades intolerance was rife enough, but deliberate cruelty was rare. After the Crusades it became the habit of the Church to seek to extinguish heresy in blood.

Passing on from their history M. Le Bon in his fourth book takes up the discussion of the manners and customs of the Arabs. On the subject of slavery and on the position of women he has much to say from personal observation during his travels in the East. The position of a slave in a Moslem household is very different from that which was his fate in times gone by on the plantations in the West Indies and America. In judging the question it is well to bear in mind how little in the East servitude is regarded as humiliating. Slaves in the Arab State have often filled the highest posts under Government, and in their masters' households are regarded as members of the family. Still, granting all this, our author should not let his readers forget that, although the lot of a slave may not be unpleasant in a Cairene household, yet slave-holding presupposes slave-hunting, and this last is the cause of diabolical oppression and the ceaseless fighting in the interior of Africa. On the subject of women, too, we can hardly agree that "la femme est plus respectée et plus heureuse en Orient qu'en Europe," and it is assuredly untrue that "la jalousie et la rivalité n'existent pas dans ces mariages polygames." In the main, however, the picture of harem life is painted in true colours, and our author concludes that the women have little to complain of, they are kindly treated and enjoy great power indirectly over their husbands, and the Law of the Prophet may compare favourably in this respect with the legislation of Christendom in the days of chivalry. After manners and customs we come very naturally to the arts and sciences of the Arabs, and here the reader greatly profits by the splendid illustrations of the various productions of Moslem artificers and builders. Chromo-lithographs of mosques with gorgeous tiles, stained-glass windows, pottery, and mosaic floors, with over three hundred and fifty woodcuts in the text, attest M. Le Bon's industry and excellent taste. In the four sciences of medicine, chemistry, astronomy, and mathematics, the Arabs, as is well

known, became great adepts; and we particularly recommend the chapters devoted to the discoveries of the natural philosophers of Islam, trusting that our readers will be rid of their "préjugé héréditaire . . . accru à chaque génération par notre détestable éducation classique, que toutes les sciences et la littérature du passé viennent uniquement des Grecs et des Latins."

In the section on the Arab geographers we find a reproduction of a map of the World, drawn in A.D. 1160 by Edrisi, by which it is evident that the Arabs were perfectly aware of the Nile having its sources in the great equatorial lakes. The three lakes are shown (the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas and Tanganyika); while besides the Nile a great river (the Congo?) flows from them westwards, falling into the Atlantic. The last book of M. Le Bon's work is devoted to the decadence of Arab civilization, which may be attributed in the main to the extreme feebleness of the political institutions of Islam—to a want, in short, of *solidarité*. As regards India our author has much to say on the rule of the Mongols and of the English—chiefly, too, in favour of the former. He holds that the effect of our rule has been "de plonger le pays dans un degré de misère tel qu'on n'en a jamais observé de semblable dans aucune contrée du monde," which lamentable state of things is brought about, he says, chiefly by the fact that yearly there is sent home from India to England five hundred millions—let us hope, in charity, that francs are understood; and not pounds sterling. But we must now take leave of M. Le Bon, and we have no space to discuss with him Indian finance. For illustrating the arts and architecture of the Arabs M. Le Bon has produced a most charming book, but it would have been well had he been more careful in the compilation of his text, and his title is, to say the least of it, misleading.

The sumptuous folio containing Dr. Lortet's travels in *La Syrie d'aujourd'hui* does not demand any very detailed review, containing, as it does, but little that is new about countries already so well known as Phœnicia, the Lebanon, and Palestine. M. Lortet's volume is magnificently illustrated, and he depicts in a charming style the people and the places he has visited; he is a naturalist too, and his volume abounds in interesting zoological and botanical observations. But, alas! that such entertainment should be entombed in a ponderous folio which, to be read, must be supported on a dining-room table, especially if one desires to open out the map. Had the publishers contented themselves with a manageable octavo, and put the map in a pocket, M. Lortet's work would certainly have become more widely known than can now be the case in a size which nine readers out of ten will qualify as "impossible." During the five years that M. Lortet spent in the country he saw very thoroughly all that was to be visited on the coast, from Alexandretta to Jaffa, and also inland from Jerusalem to Damascus, and that his readers may the more vividly understand his descriptions, he has adorned his work with three hundred and sixty-four wood engravings, more remarkable perhaps for beauty of execution than for any novelty that they may contain in the way of unknown sites. M. Lortet, however, did now and again stumble across queer people in out-of-the-way places, as, for instance, the German colony of "Templars" at Haifa. According to the account our author received on the spot, these poor people found their fatherland made too hot to hold them by the iron hand of Bismarck. To have free scope for their religious convictions, and in order to escape military service, they, taking their families with them, migrated from their homes in Saxony or Wurtemberg, and have finally settled in Haifa, where they form a very prosperous little colony of hard-working Teutons:—

J'ai été heureux d'avoir pu visiter quelques-unes des maisons de ces honnêtes Templiers. Elles sont toutes très simples, mais d'une grande propreté; . . . et dans le modeste salon on trouve toujours une petite bibliothèque, composée de livres de piété et des chefs-d'œuvre des poètes nationaux. Cette colonie deviendra certainement un centre de régénération pour les populations molles et enfantines de l'Orient.

Haifa in the hands of these Germans is already becoming a commercial centre, and the carriage-road made by them from the sea up to Nazareth has set a pattern which the Turkish governors might in the end find energy enough to copy.

SAMOA.*

DR. TURNER'S account of Samoa, its people, their habits, ideas, and beliefs, is (in spite of omissions) one of the books which comfort the anthropologist. Works like this remove from him the reproach of relying on untrustworthy evidence. This is a charge usually brought by writers who construct for themselves a theory of early man resting on no evidence at all. While such theorists represent early man as going in fear of his life every evening lest the sun may have set never to rise again, and talking in a strain of gushing poetry of which his grandchildren forget the meaning, Dr. Turner shows us what people in a somewhat backward state of culture actually think and do.

The natives of Samoa, or "The Navigator's Islands," situated about 3,000 miles from Sydney (13°-15° south latitude, 168°-173° west longitude), are by no means savages of a very low or degraded type. Even before the arrival of Europeans they had made considerable progress with rude stone tools in the art of carpentry; much labour and ingenuity is expended on their

* Samoa. By George Turner, LL.D. With a Preface by E. B. Tylor. F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

houses. It is an example of the defects in Dr. Turner's book that the word "pottery" does not even occur in his copious index. Now pottery gives us one of the best comparative standards of a young civilization. For example, Mr. Herbert Spencer thinks that the natives of Australia have fallen from a higher degree of culture. It is a satisfactory answer that not a single shard of native pottery has ever been found in the island, and that the descent from a potless civilization cannot have been long or steep. Naturally we want to know whether the Samoans, like the Fijians and the New Caledonians, are or have been potters. In his chapter on "Articles of Manufacture," however, Dr. Turner does not even mention pottery. This, as will be shown, is only an example of other deficiencies, which occur just where the evidence of a writer like Turner would be most important.

Why, then, do we praise the book? Because its positive merits outweigh its faults. Dr. Turner, to start with, has dwelt for more than forty years among the people he describes. No one can venture to say that he is a hasty student or a reporter of matters he does not understand. Again, his evidence (that of a thoroughly well-informed observer) coincides with the reports which other observers bring from every quarter of the globe, and which students collect from history. Here we find Samoans taking omens and auguries much as the Romans did. Here we mark each family abstaining from the flesh of its own sacred animal just as Egyptians did, just as Kurnai and Yakuts, Oraons and Bonis, people of Ashanti, and people of Vancouver's Island do. Finally, Dr. Turner is not a theorist. He has not written his book to support notions of Henotheism, nor Totemism, or hypotheses that Fetichism or the sense of the Infinite is the germ of religion. Dr. Turner gives a straightforward unvarnished account of the beliefs of a people whom he has known intimately for more than forty years. Had he studied recent controversies much, we fancy that he would have given more information on certain points. But, on the other hand, if he had read deeply in anthropological and "agriological" works, he might have become a partisan; and he appears to be quite impartial. We therefore accept Dr. Turner's contribution to knowledge with gratitude, though we indicate points where he might work out his picture in detail.

The Samoans are a people of light copper colour, belonging to the race most commonly found in Central and Eastern Polynesia. Like the New Zealanders, they have a cosmogony; mythical, indeed, yet by no means wanting in purely metaphysical conceptions. This cosmogony, like that of Hesiod, is stated in a series of semi-mythical, semi-allegorical genealogies. First came Nothing (like the Maori Night), then Fragrance, then Dust, then That which might be Perceived, then Earth, then High Rocks, Small Stones, and so forth. Though there is an effort after abstract thought in these terms, the thought instantly becomes mythical. The various stages or moments in the evolution of the Samoan's world are conceived of as personal, and capable of marriage and child-getting. Children are born to a mythical pair, and settle certain districts in Samoa. The divine genealogies, like those of English kings, or the records of Egypt, slope down into the human, and reach Malietoa Talaiau, "proclaimed king in 1878." The mental muddle is most excellently illustrated when we read that "Space had a long-legged seat," or when the native memory falls back on a lower stratum of savage mythical fancy telling us how the cuttle-fish fought against fire, and how maggots (lizards in Australia) were developed into men. While the god Tangaloa is regarded by Dr. Turner as "unconditioned," he is so far "conditioned" as to have a daughter who can assume the form of a bird—a sort of snipe. This snipe was sent wandering over the waters to find a rest for her feet, and finally discovered Samoa. Tangaloa is, at least in some aspects, a kind of Zeus, or heaven-god; his daughters are thunder and lightning.

Though Tangaloa is a heaven-god, the heavens were not always treated with respect in Samoan myths. As in the myths of Cronus and Indra, as in China and New Zealand, the Samoans believe in a remote age when heaven lay passing heavy upon earth. Cronus separated the pair in Greece, Indra in India, Tutenganahau in New Zealand; the arrowroot and a similar plant did the feat in Samoa. In another isle Maui, with five comrades, separated heaven and earth; elsewhere, again, a serpent did what was necessary. In Samoa the original separation was insufficient, and "a man" (name unknown) had to raise the roof of the world. Yet another account attributes the deed to the god Titi'i. In Samoa the usual Jack-in-the-Bean-stalk stories of the heaven-climber occur, as in one Greek myth of Prometheus. The Samoan heaven-climber has a Pandora of his own. Like Maui in New Zealand, and the Red Indian Tcha-ka-betch, this hero trapped the sun, tamed him, and compelled him to run in his present orderly circuit. As in Bulgaria, the sun married a pretty girl of the daughters of men. The wedding stopped the custom of human sacrifices to the sun. The Samoans have their story of the woman in the moon. She was taken up there for impiety, like our man in the moon. The Pleiades are called "eyes of chiefs." The myth of fire-stealing is very like that current in New Zealand. The god Mafuie permitted Titi'i to find fire in wood, whence it is extracted by friction. The story in Savage Island is more like that of Prometheus Purphoros. Many other myths have the Samoans. Some are animal-fables; for example, the fable of the hare and the tortoise is represented by the fowl and the turtle. Other stories account in the usual way for the characteristics of animals or plants, on the hypothesis that they were human before assuming their present forms. The *Metamorphoses* of Ovid have

their parallels in the mythology of every savage race. Purely romantic myths also are common and are chanted in ballads. The most remarkable of these given by Dr. Turner contains the central incidents of the Jason saga. This myth is, perhaps, the most widely distributed of all stories which are neither attempts to account for natural phenomena nor parables with a moral purpose. The two latter classes of tales might conceivably be invented in separate centres, wherever the moral lesson had to be enforced or the physical phenomena to be explained. But the Jason story seems to be merely a novel with a certain series of romantic situations. The finding of the saga in North America, Samoa, Finland, Madagascar, and (with certain modifications) among Eskimos, Bushmen, Zulus, Japanese, and Samoyeds, as well as wherever the Aryan race has wandered, suggests one of the problems of mythology. Can the story have been transmitted, like an object of barter, from people to people in some very remote antiquity? The Samoan version of the saga will be found on pp. 102, 104. The mythologist must notice that while magic metamorphosis and similar processes are freely employed in myth, they are also believed to be common enough in everyday life. It is plain that the first myth-makers used incidents which we regard as monstrous, but which they thought as commonplace as duels, fraudulent attorneys, and concealed wills are in modern novels.

We have regretted the *lacunæ* in Dr. Turner's information. As an example of what we mean, take the account of Samoan religion, which fills the earlier part of his book. That religion is zoolatry, of a Totemistic character, with certain curious developments, which seem to need fuller explanation. The ordinary rule of Totemism is that each set of kindred reveres and refuse to eat a certain plant or animal, while they do eat the plants and animals holy in the other stocks. They use the object, or a representation of it, as a badge, or crest, and do not marry women of the same crest and family name. Now the most patent and prevalent habit of Samoan religion is the abstinence of each family from a certain animal or plant. In that object (usually an animal) each family is said to believe its own god to be incarnate. Now the ordinary Totemist appears (so far as can be ascertained) merely to regard each individual of the species from which he claims descent as his kinsman, and therefore to be respected. Any one acquainted with Red Indian, or Australian, or Bechuana, or Ashanti habits will remember many examples. But, if Dr. Turner has rightly understood his Samoan flock, the kindred beasts are each incarnations of a special god. Mr. Tylor writes, in his too brief preface:—"The transition, so interesting in the history of religious ideas, from the spirit inhabiting an individual body to the deity presiding over all individuals of a kind, has nowhere been brought so clearly into view as in the account of the war-god Tongo, who was incarnate in the owl; so that when a dead owl was found the islanders wailed and mourned, beating their foreheads with stones after their manner; Tongo nevertheless was not dead, but continued to exist incarnate in other owls." Much the same features occur in Egyptian religion, at least as reported by Herodotus. The mourning on the death of a cat; the yearly sacrifice of a sheep by the sheep-stock in Thebes (compare the buzzard sacrifice by the Californian Galinameros) very closely resemble Samoan belief and custom as described by Dr. Turner. Are we to regard Samoan religion as a thoughtful advance on Totemism? Has the owl become from a clan totem a war-god incarnate in all owls? Would the next step be an approach to the Aztec war-god, with the attributes of a bird lingering about him—a Euhemerized bird-god, as explained by J. G. Müller? Would the last stage be the evolution of an anthropomorphic god, with the owl for his companion, as the owl was the companion of Pallas Athene? It is a pity that Mr. Tylor did not develop his hint further, and show us what he thinks about these things. Dr. Turner, too, leaves us in doubt as to the Totemism of the Samoans. Each family has its sacred animal-god, it is true; but is the animal or its representation used as a crest or badge? This appears to be hinted at (p. 191); "in their war-canoes they had some distinguishing badge of their district hoisted on a pole, a bird it might be, or a dog, or a bunch of leaves." Again, we want to know whether the families (as among Totemists) were "exogamous," whether it was forbidden to marry a woman whose family revered the same animal as the family of the man. We find in Samoa that, while some gods had but one animal incarnation, other gods, such as Tongo, had different incarnations in different families. Paa was a tree in one family, a land crab in another, an octopus in a third. Tongo appears in bat, mullet, and sting-ray, as well as in owl. Wia Apollo in some unknown antiquity a mouse in one family (Smintheus), a wolf (Lyceus) in another, a dolphin (Delphinus) in a third, a raven in a fourth, and so on? This theory would readily account for the sacred animals of the Greek gods and for the animal gods of Egypt.

Dr. Turner's book, with its account of clan communism in Samoa, is as interesting to the economist as its devinettes are to the student of riddles, its gods to the mythologist, or its long lists of South Sea words to the philologist. The book is excellent, full of matter, and indispensable, despite *lacunæ*, which perhaps Dr. Turner will fill up, to the student of man and his institutions.

BURTON'S BOOK OF THE SWORD.*

THE first part of Captain Burton's *Book of the Sword*, which has for certain years been understood to be in preparation, is now visibly before us. Like a French historical work on fencing, of which we reviewed the first volume a couple of months ago, it leaves us in suspense before we are even in sight of the point where real swordsmanship begins. But, unlike that work, it is impossible to charge Captain Burton's with lack of substance or with unprofitable repetition of commonplace knowledge. Rather we are in danger of a surfeit from the bulk and variety of matter offered for our digestion in this goodly quarto. Not only we get full particulars of the sword and all weapons that have any family likeness to it, but there is an ever-present and luxuriant undergrowth, so to speak, of miscellaneous erudition and speculation. Military history, Oriental philology, comparative ethnology, prehistoric mythology, and we know not what else, crop out in the text and overflow into discursive and often pungent notes. With these matters we do not propose to meddle. Captain Burton in his "Foreword" (which the vulgar call preface; but foreword is anyhow better than pre-script, which we have seen) pointedly calls attention to his advanced views of Egyptology. But we shall not be tempted. It may be that most things in earth, including swords, came out of Egypt originally. So Captain Burton appears ready to assert against all comers, and, no doubt, some Egyptologist of a less advanced school, to say nothing of what he calls "the Aryan heresy," will be equally ready to break a lance with him. Awaiting that combat with equanimity, we are content to start from the undisputed facts afforded by the monumental evidence of the two earliest historical civilizations, the Egyptian and the Assyrian.

The forms of the sword may be reduced to three types; the straight-edged, the leaf-shaped, and the scimitar. A French duelling sword is the complete development of the first, a good Persian or Indian sabre of the last. Our Western military swords are a compromise between the two. The leaf-shape, familiar in the classical monuments of Greece, is represented in modern times only by a few eccentric patterns of short swords and sword-bayonets, and possibly, by no means certainly, by the yataghan. The common yataghan form of sword-bayonet, by the way, is much disparaged by Captain Burton, and we fully agree with him. Probably the yataghan is the most formidable of short hand-weapons; but at the end of a rifle, which it spoils for shooting and makes top-heavy for a pike, it is hopelessly out of place. It is tempting to see, with General Pitt-Rivers, the original type, developed in metal from the hint of a stone spear-head, in the symmetrical leaf-shape. Straighten out the edges and lengthen the point, and we have the broadsword, and are on the way to the rapier. Give the preference to one edge and incline the axis of the blade in its direction, and we have the doubly-curved yataghan shape, the Greek *koris*. Lengthen this blade in proportion to its width, and transfer the cutting edge to the unbroken convex curvature which forms the back of the yataghan, and we have the Eastern sabre, preserving in the old Turkish scimitar, now rare, and in the common tulwar, with their broadening near the centre of percussion, a trace of the original model. This, we say, is tempting. But the historical evidence is none of the most encouraging to this or to any other simple theory of origin. On the Assyrian monuments we find a tapering pointed sword with straight edges. Bronze weapons of the same pattern, only longer, have been found in considerable number by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ. The like form occurs in Egyptian bronze daggers, and in several iron swords found in Etruscan tombs, to which Captain Burton justly calls particular attention. Egyptian monuments abound in a particular cutlass or hanger, shaped somewhat like a broad sickle, the name of which is written Khopsh by our author, and connected by him, after Meyrick (with doubtful warrant, we conceive), with the Greek *koris*. The leaf-shaped bronze sword has also been found in Egypt, we are not told with what indication of date, or whether, in particular, under such circumstances as to exclude its being a Greek importation. Of the earlier history of the Eastern sabre there is not forthcoming, that we know of, any positive evidence whatever. Thus we have no proof that the leaf-shaped pattern was in fact earlier than the others, but rather a certain amount of presumption to the contrary.

Captain Burton adopts, though not with any marked dwelling upon it, the opinion that the sword had several independent origins. Of these not impossible, but still disputable sources, the boomerang is one, and the flattened club, or even the broad end of a paddle, is another. It is not difficult to exhibit a series of intermediate forms between the yataghan and the boomerang, or the sabre and the club. But this is not enough. Closely resembling forms may turn out not to be steps in the same process at all, but to have approached one another from widely different starting-points, the resemblance being due, perhaps, to similar external conditions in the later stages. Again, a form assumed to be transitional may really be modified by imitation of the very form which it is used to explain. There is nothing to show that the "wooden sabres" of some of the Pacific Islands, which are plausibly represented as clubs on the way to become swords, were not the work of men who had seen imported swords of metal. Similar doubts apply to the many curious varieties of boomerang-like weapons met with in Africa. We incline, on the whole, to think that

the sword proper—"a metal blade intended for cutting, thrusting, or cut-and-thrust," as our author defines it—arose in some one way to begin with, probably, as General Pitt-Rivers maintains, by enlargement from a dagger which had itself grown out of a spear-head broken off short; or, it may be, from a roughly-shaped knife modelled on the older stone implements. The influence of such a type, once formed, would speedily be apparent in modifications of axes and other staff-weapons. And herein it is worth noting that some ancient bronze spear-heads are full as large as an average dagger. There is one such in the Tower. But all general conclusions from such materials must be doubtful.

As for the order of Captain Burton's present volume, it may be said to consist of a prehistoric and a historic part, divided by a chapter of technical explanations. The division comes about in this way. Having disposed of the stone, bronze, and early iron ages—or rather stages, for the so-called ages are not definite or exclusive periods—Captain Burton thinks it time to describe with some fulness the parts and properties of a sword, reproducing, by the way, some valuable work of the late Mr. Latham's from pamphlets not now easy to come at. Especially good is Mr. Latham's explanation of the cutting power given to the blade by curvature. One or two of the diagrams, however, might have been altered with advantage. The man lifting up a sabre for a vertical cut, and thereby exposing himself to a straight thrust, is simply absurd. No swordsman would ever cut like that. Mr. Waite has shown the fallacy of the common assumption that the cut is necessarily slower than the point; and some of the early Italian writers, we may add, had already observed that, inasmuch as the human hand is, mechanically speaking, at the end of a jointed rod (witness the anatomical term *radius*), the movement of the sword's point cannot be really straight in any case. Then follow historical chapters, of which the most interesting to our mind is that on Greek swords, containing as it does a full account of Dr. Schliemann's finds at Mycenæ, and bringing them into relation (as Dr. Schliemann did not) with Etruscan and other remains. Greek monuments and relics tell us very little of curved swords. Yet they were not only known, but preferred by some good judges for cavalry service. Captain Burton refers to Xenophon, *De Re Eq.* c. 12, s. 11, who says:—*μάχαιραν μὲν μάλλον ἢ ξίφος ἐπαίνομεν ἐφ' ὑψηλοῦ γὰρ ὄντι τῷ ἵππῳ κοπίδος μάλλον ἢ πληγῇ ἢ ξίφους ἀρκέσει.* This looks as if the arm indifferently described as *κοπίς* or *μάχαιρα* must have been longer than the doubly-curved blade (a yataghan, in fact) figured on vases, mostly if not always in the hands of Amazons, giants, or barbarians, as General Pitt-Rivers has pointed out. Even about the Greek sword, for which the evidence is comparatively abundant, we still have much to learn; and, in passing on, we may call attention to Mr. W. Leaf's paper on Homeric arms in the current number of the *Journal of the Hellenic Society* as a good specimen of what may yet be done. Lindenschmit has left little new to be said of Roman arms and equipment for the present, and Captain Burton is tempted to fill out his Roman chapter with a little too much matter about the gladiators; whereby we come to learn, with some surprise, that he thinks there was not so very much harm in an exhibition of this kind, but also, and with more satisfaction, that he wholly condemns pigeon-shooting. We look forward with much curiosity to the continuation of the work, which is to deal with the sword in its full age—the age of true swordsmanship or fencing.

OLE BULL.*

IT was inevitable that the career of so strange and romantic a personage as Ole Bull should find only too many biographers. He was not at all averse to publicity, and during his lifetime he supplied material to at least three writers, all of them of more than common distinction, who published studies of his genius and character. Of these one, that by the poet Wergeland, was simply a eulogy. The other two, by the Danish novelist Meyer Goldschmidt and by the late Henrik Winter-Hjelm, were valuable so far as they went; but they contained errors and omissions that could not be corrected until the time came for examining documents. Since his death Ole Bull has continued to be fortunate in his biographers; for the selection from his letters which heads our list is prefaced by the Norwegian novelist Jonas Lie, the distinguished author of *Livsløven* and *Lodsen og hans Hustru*, whose style is charming, and whose temperament is specially adapted to appreciate that of Ole Bull; while still later there has appeared the volume which is second on our list, and which is an American memoir, in English, by the widow of the great violinist. In the latter part of the life, no doubt, Mrs. Bull speaks with greater authority than Herr Lie; but she seems to borrow from his careful pages many of the incidents of Ole Bull's early days, and we are bound to confess that she sometimes spoils a good story that Herr Lie has told with grace and humour. Taken together, and in connexion with the letters, these publications give us an adequate impression of this very remarkable and picturesque man of genius.

The great men produced in Norway in the beginning of the present century were curiously vehement and ebullient in temperament. Herr Lie rather fantastically says that this little

* *Ole Bull's Brev i Uddrag.* Udgivne af hans Søn Alexander Bull. Med en karakteristik og biografisk Skitse af Jonas Lie. Copenhagen: Gyldendalske Boghandel.

Ole Bull. A Memoir. By Sarah C. Bull. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

* *The Book of the Sword.* By Richard F. Burton, Maître d'armes (brevet). London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

forgotten nation, which for four centuries had been communing with the stars and the sea and its own auroral legends, suddenly attracted the attention of Europe by throwing up a chain of active volcanoes. The phrase is not unfortunate, for in such men as Henrik Wergeland, Engebrecht Soot, and Ole Bull there was something volcanic which contrasted with the quiet flatness of all that Norway had done in the arts until their time. Their personality was so marked that a crowd of legends grew up about them in their own lifetime, and to this day it is difficult to sever the truth from the falsehood. Some musical critics may very likely tell us that Ole Bull's genius was overrated. It is asserted that he has left the science of music exactly where he found it, and that his marvellous *tours de force* have profited later executants not a whit. His famous flageolet-notes, his arpeggios, and all his dazzling and bizarre feats of technique belonged to himself, and died with him, as the wonders of vocal skill pass with the organ of the vocalist. It is hardly correct to think of him as a musician, in the newest sense of the word; he was rather a marvellous improvisatore, a poet who stirred the emotions of his audience by pouring out his heart into his violin. His personal qualities aided his genius; he was physically one of the most powerful and beautiful persons of his generation, never so much inspired as when he had an opportunity to remove a difficulty by the exercise of his will, loving to encounter the labours of Hercules that he might prove himself irresistible, and yet, with all this vigour and vehemence, as amiable and as winning as a child. One little point which greatly added to the majesty of his appearance was that he did not, as most violinists do, incline his head in playing, but stood singularly erect, with his chin free. All his spectators agree in noting this grace and dignity of pose, and some one has recorded that when he reached the highest notes he used to look "forty feet high."

Ole Bull was born on the 5th of February, 1810. Both his parents were musical, and one of his uncles was a fanatic for stringed instrumentation. The quartet evenings of Uncle Jens were closed to a child like Ole, but the latter would allow himself to be put to bed, and then, creeping out again, would hide for hours under the sofa for the pleasure of hearing the music. After a time Uncle Jens interceded, and an exception was made in the child's favour. When Ole was only three years old he began to try to play, and at five years old his uncle gave him a little lemon-coloured fiddle, on which he played well from the first, although he had received no teaching. The opening of his public career is told by Herr Lie rather better than by Mrs. Bull, but the story is radically the same in each case. The one good first violin in the town of Bergen was a man called Paulsen, who was in great request at Uncle Jens's parties. One evening when they rose from supper it was evident to all that the eminent *Kammermusicus* was hopelessly intoxicated. When he took his place in the quartet, the violin glided out of his hand, and he sank in a lethargy upon his chair. The first violin was utterly *hors de combat*. Uncle Jens called out to the child, "Now Ole, you must play for Paulsen! Quick, my boy, and you shall have a piece of sugar-candy." At the same moment he forced Paulsen's violin into the child's arms. It was a quartet by Krummer, and Ole Bull had heard it before. Although the great violin hurt his fingers and his neck, when he placed it on his shoulder, he attacked his part with spirit, and, though he was still too young to read the music, he remembered it, and played it with astonishing precision and grace. The result of this triumph was that he received a violin suitable to his size, and was henceforth an active member at all his uncle's musical parties.

His parents, in the face of his astounding talent, continued to wish him to become anything rather than a musician. When he was sent up to Christiania University in 1828, he was destined for the church, and his father had forced from him a promise that he would not practise the violin. This promise he tried very hard to keep, but in vain. One morning, after spending the greater part of the night in playing a quartet at the house of one of the performers, he learned that he had been plucked for Latin in his little-go examination. In despair, he rushed to the friend who had seduced him to take up his fiddle again, but this man merely said, "And do you suppose yourself fitted to be a parish priest in Finnmark, or a missionary to the Lapps? We have something better for you than that." And he forthwith informed him that he had been nominated provisional director of the Philharmonic Society during the illness of the greatest musician Norway then possessed, Professor Waldemar Thrane. A month later Thrane was dead, and Ole Bull was made Director, at the age of seventeen. Two years after this he threw up his appointment, and went off to Germany, to study under Spohr. Later still, in 1831, he made his first appearance in Paris.

His adventures in France were of the most extraordinary kind. He could obtain no situation, and sank lower and lower into penury. The cholera was raging in Paris, and it was no suitable moment for a young foreign artist to make his way there. He was at the point of starvation when a very curious man stepped in, as the god out of the machine, and saved him in a very curious way. At the pension where he lived he met one morning a stranger, who was, he was told, a detective. Ole Bull said something, which this stranger overheard, and he entered into conversation with him. The young Norseman frankly told him the state of his affairs, and the detective took him to an *estaminet* close by.

"Listen," said the stranger; "I know you are in want; but follow my advice; you must try your luck at play." "But I have no money." "You

must manage to get five francs; then go to-night between ten and eleven o'clock, not earlier, to Frascati's, in the Boulevard Montmartre. Mount the stairs, ring the bell, and give your hat boldly to the liveried servant in attendance; enter the hall, go straight to the table, put your five francs on the red, and let it remain there." The young man ran home, raised the five francs, and was on the spot at the appointed hour. He made his way to the green table, surrounded by ladies and gentlemen playing at *tréte et quarante*. He placed his five francs on the red, but through his awkwardness it rolled over to the black and was lost. He stood as if struck by lightning, without a sou in his pocket. He came to himself on hearing, "Messieurs, faites vos jeux." He called "Cinq francs," but his foreign accent made it sound like "cent francs," and one hundred francs were shoved over to him as his winnings. He stands pale for a moment, unable to speak or move; then places his money on the red, and wins once again, and yet again, until, at last, eight hundred francs in gold lie in a heap before him. . . . Suddenly, from amid the crowd surrounding the table, a delicate hand, gleaming with diamonds, glided over the golden pile; but the iron hand of the Norwegian grasped the little white one. A woman's shriek was heard; several voices called out "A la porte! à la porte!" But a man near Ole Bull, in a calm clear voice that seemed to command all in the room, said, "Madame, laissez cet or là!" and to Bull, "Monsieur, prenez votre or, s'il vous plaît."

His friend, in whom he recognized the mysterious stranger of the morning, proved to be no other than Vidocq, the head of the secret police in Paris. Mrs. Bull says that he never saw his benefactor again, but we understand Herr Lie to doubt this. At any rate the improvement in his circumstances was sufficient to take him out of Paris, but not until after he had engaged himself to marry his first wife, a sprightly young Frenchwoman. He gradually rose to a certain musical position, and his first great triumph in Parisian society was made under circumstances that proved how large a place the accidental always took in Ole Bull's career. A man who had a patent varnish for violins brought his invention to Ole Bull, and begged him to try it. He said that it gave ordinary instruments the sweet quality of a Cremona fiddle. Ole Bull tried it, and found that it really did improve the tone, and promised to use a violin prepared with it at a concert he had to give at the house of the Duke of Riario. There was a great deal of fashionable company collected at this concert, and the heat of the room melted the famous varnish, which was really a preparation of assafetida. The smell which it exuded was so maddening that an ordinary man would have stopped and have excused himself; but Ole Bull merely closed his eyes, turned his face away, and played with an energy which became more frenzied the more intolerable the stink became. He enjoyed an overwhelming success; but Herr Jonas Lie goes on to say that, when the Duke rushed forward to seize his hand in congratulation, the appalling odour of assafetida struck him in the face, and Ole Bull had to explain in what an agony he had been performing.

These books are full of good stories. It is difficult to know where to choose. When Ole Bull was once reduced almost to starvation at Bologna he was saved by the accident that Colbran was passing under the windows of the barracks in which he had a garret and heard him playing. This led to his famous performance before the Duke of Tuscany, when the Princess Poniatowsky and two other ladies gave him each a theme, and he wound all three together in an improvisation which threw the virtuosi of Italy into an ecstasy. After this his career was one long succession of triumphs; but it was not the less attended by quaint and romantic incidents at every turn. We should like to have space to tell how Liszt and Ole Bull held an offensive manager hanging over the street from a window until he made abject confession of his sins; how an American tried to cut the Duke of Devonshire's diamond out of Ole Bull's fiddle-bow with his bowie-knife, and how the Norwegian thrashed him, and then graciously accepted the bowie-knife as a memento; how, when he made his first appearance at the Grand Opéra in Paris, he snapped his A string in the midst of the finale of the *Polacca Guerriera*, and, with an instinct of despair, contrived to transpose the remainder of the piece, and finish on three strings—a feat which nobody present realized except Meyerbeer, whose voice rang out with applause. There is really no limit to the good stories which might be told of Ole Bull.

The letters in the Norwegian edition are almost all from Ole Bull to his first wife and from her to him. They were written in French, but are here published in Danish, which seems a pity, as they happened to exist in a form familiar to a European public. They are warmly affectionate in tone, and reflect the great violinist's hopes and fears and enthusiasms from day to day. They principally cover the period from 1836 to 1846. The American memoir contains technical appendices which will be very interesting to musicians, a chapter by Professor Crosby on the anatomy of the violinist, and a series of curious notes on the history of the violin by Ole Bull himself.

EARLY GERMAN AND FLEMISH PRINTS.*

THESE volumes, cataloguing the British Museum collection of early German and Flemish prints, have a wider interest than their title would seem to imply. Dr. Willshire is not an unknown or "unrecognized" authority; his *Introduction to the Study of Ancient Prints*, which has passed through two editions, has attained the standard of a text-book; and there are few iconophiliasts whose criticism on an early print of the Northern school, or on the date and origin of a mediæval playing-card, we would more

* *A Descriptive Catalogue of Early Prints in the British Museum—German and Flemish Schools*. Vol. I. 1879. Vol. II. 1883. By William Hughes Willshire, M.D. Printed by order of the Trustees.

willingly accept. We wish, therefore, we could speak in entire commendation of a Catalogue which on every page bears evidence of wide research, of extensive knowledge of these early works, and a thorough appreciation of their peculiar interest. Beginning with special *incunabula*, such as prints *en manière criblée*, and the earliest impressions from metal or from wood, the Catalogue leads onwards to the acknowledged work of Schongauer and of Meckenen. Interspersed in the text, and prefacing each several divisions, are notes or dissertations upon the processes by which particular prints were produced, upon their authorship or their history. Thus it is apparent that "A Descriptive Catalogue" is a title not sufficiently comprehensive, and one which does less than justice to the contents of these volumes. But, at the same time, while expressing this high opinion of the ability and qualifications of the author, we must express our regret that a complete and recognized system of indexing the treasures of the Print Room has not yet been established. It is for want of such system that a work like the present, which has taken years to mature, and for which no one is more competent than Dr. Willshire, loses much of its value. The volumes on Early German and Flemish Prints, like an earlier volume on Playing and other Cards in the British Museum, are not so much "general" as "class catalogues"—good, it may be, for description of particular prints, but insufficient as an index even of the collections to which they especially refer. It ought to be as easy to discover whether a print or drawing, known to exist from descriptions given elsewhere, is to be found in the Print Room, as in other departments it is to verify the occurrence of a coin or of a manuscript. Class catalogues meet a special want; these volumes on Early German and Flemish Prints are a contribution, and a valuable one, to the history of art, and will occupy their fitting place upon our shelves; but a general catalogue of the treasures of the Print Room is still urgently required; and, until this is complete—and its execution will be neither a simple nor an easy task—the real importance of this department cannot possibly be appreciated, or the collections be available as they ought to be for reference or for study.

It would be impossible within the prescribed limits of a review to refer, except in the most cursory manner, to the various interesting discussions to which Dr. Willshire's short introductory chapters give rise. Even a summary of the questions which are suggested by each several "Division" would fill more than our allotted space. The student must himself possess the book, and accept its guidance, though it is possible he may regret that the author has not in all cases expressed his conclusions with a sterner decision. He tells us in the introduction (p. 4) that

In justice to himself he should ask the iconophilist to bear in mind that he has not intended to assume the possession of any "royal road" to knowledge, or to superciliously put aside the judgment of other men, often perhaps more qualified than he is himself to arrive at a legitimate conclusion on a debatable subject. But the nature of the work before him demanded some decisions from the labourer, and they have been necessarily adopted.

The charge which Dr. Willshire deprecates is the very last which we are disposed to bring. We think, on the contrary, that he has too often refrained from the "peremptory decision" which in these matters he is, beyond almost any one we know, justified in expressing. The proverbial non-existence of a "royal road" is as applicable to a knowledge of early prints as to every other branch of learning or research, but it would have been an advantage to the iconophilist, even while regarding a question as debatable, to be able to cast into one or other balance the conclusions to which a connoisseur, so well qualified by long observation and experience, has arrived. But the very fact of Dr. Willshire's avoidance of decision on some of the most interesting points which surround the study of early prints will convince the student that the problems connected with the introduction of the art of engraving are not all solved, and that there are, if not golden discoveries, yet many pleasant untrodden bypaths around the field into which volumes such as these invite him.

The origin of engraving is a question which has long exercised the minds of students. The steps which lead to a great discovery are, when we look back upon them, apparently so simple and so easy of ascent that our wonder is not that, at some special time and under the influence of some special intelligence, they should have been successfully trodden, but that they should ever have formed anything but a well-worn path. It is difficult for some of us in the present day to realize what interest there could be in life when type-printing was unknown, and the use of incised wood blocks or metal plates, for the purpose of repeating a design or drawing, was unthought of. We watch with something like impatience the gradual advancement of these sister arts, from their youthful days when, as described by Heineken, "the woodcutter (Formschnieder) having designed the images of saints, found it easy to engrave historical pieces and entire sets of wood-engraving, and to add to them an explication engraved in the same manner in wood, whether for the instruction of youth, or to incite the people to devotion." It reads simply, yet in this we have the origin of our first printed books. The illustration and the explanatory legend, taken off mostly by friction from incised blocks of wood, is the process which led to the invention of typography. The successive steps to this end seem so obvious and natural that we may contentedly agree with Ottley in rejecting "the fancies and conjectures" of Heineken, who would claim the sole merit of the great discovery for Gutenberg. We see how for his greater convenience the "Formschnieder," prompted by the frequent recurrence of some short word or termination or group of two or more letters, proceeded to cut them

on the same shaft of wood or metal. The invention of single letters, strung on a thread to retain them in their place, quickly followed, and next a frame and screws to keep them in position. And yet all this was in its day a discovery quite as real as is the electric light in ours, and to those who have acquainted themselves with the history of the period, its ignorance, and its superstition, there is nothing strange or improbable in the story that when the celebrated printer Fust sold his Bibles in Paris as manuscript, the deception was not detected until his impeachment as a sorcerer compelled him to reveal his secret to save his life. The "art and mystery" of the engraver was approached by steps as slow and lingering, though apparently as easy, as were those of the printer, and, partly owing no doubt to the tardy invention of paper, many years elapsed from its first inception to the time when it had become a practical and recognized art. There is evidence that incised blocks were used for printing on silk and suchlike fabric towards the close of the twelfth century. "Playing cards" "Tarocchi" were produced in Italy about the middle of the fourteenth. Prints *en manière criblée* and from *nielli* date from the earlier half of the fifteenth century. The earliest woodcut which bears a date is a "Hortus inclusus" of 1418, at Brussels (it is a print we know well, and though its inscription has been questioned, we do not hesitate to accept it); the second is the Buxheim St. Christopher of 1423, in the Spencer collection. The earliest copperplate engraving known with a date inscribed, 1446, is of German origin, one of seven subjects of a "Passion" series, absolutely unique, and now in the Museum at Berlin. It is represented by a photogravure as a frontispiece to Dr. Willshire's second volume; the reproduction of the "Mazarine" crucifixion, a print unquestionably of about the same time, 1440-50, forms the frontispiece to the first. But it is certain that these were not the first efforts of the nascent art. Dr. Willshire says:—"If we could see certain of the earliest predecessors of these prints, which have escaped us, they might be found less uncouth and Gothic than are their immediate successors, since it is probable that traces of the Byzantine characteristics of religious art would have pervaded them, instead of their being merely a craftsmanlike and vulgar translation of the principles of the schools of Flanders and Cologne." But these "earlier predecessors" would carry the art back a very little way. So also the evidence of superiority of design in some of the xylographs of the first edition of the *Biblia Pauperum*, while it supports the contention that they may have come from the very hand of Van Eyck himself, will only antedate the invention of engraving by a very few years; the woodcuts in the *Légende de St. Gervais*, if rightly attributed by M. Ruelens to the hand of Jan van Eyck, would hardly have been executed until after the death of Hubert in 1426. Thus the invention of engraving and the invention of printing, even if they did not seem to have proceeded *pari passu*, were sister arts, shading into each other by imperceptible degrees, and so closely allied that the one appears to us but the complement of the other.

Of engraving in its most intimate connexion with type-printing perhaps the most interesting examples described by Dr. Willshire are the work of an engraver, as yet anonymous and unrecognized, and only known to iconophilists by the title of "the Master of the Illustrations in Boccaccio." In our examination of his work we find ourselves transported into the workshop of no less eminent a person than Colard Mansion, the man who cast types on his own model for Caxton, and who instructed him in the art, while printing with and for him "The Recuyell" and the "Chess Book." The works of Boccaccio were the most popular historical books of the fifteenth century. The account of the editions belongs rather to the history of printing; but there is one edition printed in 1476, of which a single example only is known, now in the collection of the Marquess of Lothian. This "Boccaccio," a folio of 289 leaves, has nine illustrations and a place left vacant for a tenth. It is the illustration which should accompany the sixth book which is wanting. It is partly for its rarity that this precious volume has acquired its reputation; but chiefly because it is not only the earliest book with engravings known to have been produced in the Netherlands, but as such it precedes the earliest printed book containing plates produced by Germany—namely, of the year 1479, or France in 1483, or Italy in 1477. Afterwards translated into English, it was printed by Lydgate 1527, with woodcut illustrations. To these, though far inferior to the metal-plate engravings from which they were copied, the student will probably devote more attention than to the "boke" itself, although it was "translated into English by John Ludgate, monk of the monastery of Saint Edmunds Bury, at the commandment of the worthy pryncce humfrey duke of gloucestre. begynnyng at adam and endinge with john takē prisoner in france by pryncce Edwarde," a title whose naïve simplicity must surely have suggested that which Knickerbocker gave to his delightful History of New York "from the creation of the world to the end of the Dutch dynasty."

It must, however, be acknowledged that, viewed apart from the interest which surrounds the earliest dawn of this pleasant art, there is but little, either of excellence in form or skill in manipulation, with which to attract the gallery-haunting, picture-loving public. Nay, it is more than probable that even the more intelligent patrons of modern art, with their observation trained in later schools, would regard *incunabula* which the connoisseur cannot praise too fervently only with a kind of amused astonishment that they should be so esteemed. He would tell us—and we will treat his ignorance as tenderly as we trust he will respect what he thinks our infatuation—that finer and more effective evidences of

the engraver's art are exhibited in a single year in this nineteenth century than all the Northern schools produced in the first fifty years of their existence; he would point to modern examples of wood and line engraving, more pure in quality of tone and in expression than anything which could then be compassed; and assure us that etching, that fashionable and facile art, in which even amateurs innocent of drawing may arrive at eminence, annually contributes to our portfolios charming effects in light and shade, which in actual worth, as well as in the continued pleasure they afford, surpass the whole school of early masters, known or "unrecognized"; and declare his conviction that every existing example of those "exceptional processes," *empreintes en pâte* or *en manière criblée*, though their very presence in a collection ensures almost reverence from the earnest iconophilist, and their value, if they could be offered at Messrs. Sotheby's would exceed "a Jew's ransom," are, in point of real excellence, not to be compared with a fine portfolio of mezzotints after Sir Joshua. Yet to ourselves these slighted prints are ever infinitely precious, since in them we trace the tentative endeavours of an art whose earliest dawn coincided with an awakening of the human mind and an enlargement of its ideas, out of which have grown all the successes of to-day. All honour, then, to the Museum Trustees, and to the author of these volumes, in every endeavour they may make to enable the student to pursue his pleasant path with greater ease, and avail himself to a still greater extent of the treasures of the Print Room.

AN ITALIAN GRAMMAR.*

THIS is one of the best Italian grammars for general use which we have met with in English, if not the best of all. In the compass of about two hundred and fifty loosely printed pages it gives the student a clear and sufficiently full view of the Italian language. Most grammars err on the side of being too long. The learner's memory is burdened with a large amount of unnecessary matter, of matter which he will acquire naturally in the course of reading and conversation, but which only confuses him as a beginner. In such cases a good teacher has to correct the fault of the book by marking what is, and what is not, to be learned. Signor Perini appears to us to have succeeded in making his Grammar thorough and complete for all the purposes of the ordinary student, without doing too much. One point in it is to be especially commended. In most grammars the system commonly known as that of Ollendorf is used in the exercises given to the pupils. That is to say, first a series of sentences are given in Italian to be translated into English, and next a series of almost exactly similar sentences are given in English to be translated into Italian. So that when the pupil comes to the latter he has only to cast his eye back to the former in order to see how to finish his task. The value of the exercise is in this way greatly diminished. Signor Perini rightly confines his exercises to the translation of English into Italian, and they thus form a true test whether the pupil has mastered the preceding rules or not. As to the translation from Italian into English, the learner cannot too soon be given an easy book to read with the help of his dictionary and of explanations from his teacher. It is only at first that any explanations will be necessary. There is another excellent point about this Grammar. All students of Italian are aware that a chief difficulty of Italian pronunciation to a beginner lies in the right placing of the accent. In certain cases the accent is indicated, but in a very large number of cases it is not; and the student learns it only by hearing the word pronounced. But it constantly happens that, before hearing it spoken, he has already seen it printed, and has associated it with a false accentuation. In such cases, where there is a departure from the usual rule that in words where the accent is not indicated it falls on the penultimate syllable, Signor Perini marks its true place by printing one or more of the letters in the syllable to be accented in a type larger than the rest. This simple device makes any misunderstanding impossible. As to the arrangement of the different parts of the Grammar, each teacher will have his own methods; and the matter is not one of very great importance. Nevertheless, it seems more natural to take the verbs, or, at least, the regular verbs, all together, rather than, as Signor Perini does, to insert several chapters not bearing on the verbs at all between the first and the second conjugations. With regard to the modes of addressing people in Italian, Signor Perini recommends the use of "ella" and "elleno," rather than "lei" and "loro," though both are permissible. The latter, however, are surely more generally used at least among cultivated Italians. The Grammar may be safely recommended both as a school-book and to those who wish to teach themselves Italian. For the latter, indeed, it is certainly the best that we have seen.

DECISIVE BATTLES OF INDIA.*

IT is somewhat difficult to decide what is, and what is not, a "decisive battle." For how long after the event must its effects continue to allow of a battle being termed "decisive"?

* *An Italian Conversation Grammar*. By N. Perini. London: Hachette. 1884.

* *The Decisive Battles of India, from 1746 to 1849 inclusive*. With a Portrait of the Author, a Map, and Three Plans. By Colonel G. B. Malleon, C.S.I., Author of "The Life of Lord Clive" &c. London: Allen & Co.

Professor Creasy, in his "fifteen decisive battles of the world," has included Zama and Waterloo. The former of these sealed the fate for all ages of a great people. But only thirty-six years elapsed after Waterloo before the Napoleonic dynasty was re-established in France, although the proscription for all time of that dynasty was the immediate and most important result of the conflict. In another sense, no general ever achieved more decisive results on the battle-field than Napoleon; yet, because those results were felt for only a few years, not one of Napoleon's battles, with the exception of Waterloo, is included in Creasy's list. We quite agree with Colonel Malleon that the importance of a battle is not to be judged by the number of the slain. Some of the most sanguinary conflicts on record—for instance, Eylau and Borodino—were singularly bootless of results, either military or political. On the other hand, only fifty Frenchmen fell in the fight at Kávéripák; yet the British gained by that victory a preponderance which they never after entirely lost. That combat settled for ever the pretensions of the French in Southern India. It has nevertheless been passed over with singular neglect, considering the importance of its issues, by such historians as Mill and Thornton, by Malcolm, and even by Macaulay. Colonel Malleon has perhaps defined with correctness what should be understood by the term "decisive battle"—one that "is decisive of the campaign, decisive as to the consequences, decisive as to the future permanent position of the combatants."

When we consider the gigantic Empire we have created for ourselves in India—the vast area our arms and diplomacy have opened out for our commerce, our missionaries, and for the career of the youth of our over-populated island—we are struck by the smallness of the means which have produced such great results. At no time, probably, have we ever had at once more than 60,000 British soldiers on the soil of India. But in the first instance the numbers, when we remember what they achieved, seem ludicrously inadequate. Fortunately for us the French under-estimated also the importance of the prize they desired to win, so that as against them the decisive battles of India were fought by battalions on either side and not by armies. At the battle of St. Thomé—a victory against natives only, but one which changed the fate of Southern India, and made European traders the masters—the French numbered but two hundred and thirty men. It was that battle which brought the French and English face to face in the Carnatic. The mention of the Carnatic reminds us that Colonel Malleon spells all proper names after the orthodox Indian fashion; but it is irritating to find words which have been Anglicized for decades altered for the sake of preserving a pedantic uniformity. Karnátak has replaced Carnatic, Trichinopoly is now Trichinápalí, Ferozshah is converted into Fírúzsahar, and some names are so twisted that we can barely recognize them. To return, the contest in the Carnatic took almost at the outset the form of a duel between two men, both men of consummate genius, Clive and Dupleix. Never was genius left so much to shift for itself. In the fight which, as we have said, was the most important in its issues of all the struggles between British and French in Hindostan, the former numbered only 380 European soldiers with six guns, while the latter had 400 Europeans with nine guns. But though Kávéripák decided who were to be masters in Southern India, much remained yet to do, and that much was done when Plassey was won. "Plassey," writes Colonel Malleon, "was a very decisive battle." It was gained by 950 European infantry, of whom 700 were British, and 50 British sailors, with six very small guns and two small howitzers. The loss of the victors was seven Europeans killed and thirteen wounded. It is no wonder that French historians to this day write bitterly as they reflect on the myriad lives sacrificed in insensate and disastrous wars nearer home, when, had only one or two battalions more been sent out in response to the earnest entreaties of those in India who were in a position to know, the empire of the East might have been preserved to France. "As a victory Plassey was, in its consequences, perhaps the greatest ever gained." The effects of it are felt this day by more than two hundred and fifty millions of people. From the very morrow of the victory the English became virtual masters of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. They became the greatest Mohammedan Power in the world.

It was Plassey which necessitated the conquest and colonization of the Cape of Good Hope, of the Mauritius, the protectorship over Egypt; Plassey which gave the English middle classes the finest field for the development of their talent and industry the world has ever known; to the aristocracy unrivalled opportunities for the display of administrative power; to merchants and manufacturers customers whose enormous demands almost compensate for the hostile tariffs of rivals; . . . it was Plassey which, in its consequences, brought consolation to this little island for the loss of America; and which, whilst in those consequences it has concentrated upon it the envy of the other nations of Europe, has given to her children the sense of responsibility, of the necessity of maintaining a great position, the conviction of which underlies the thought of every true Englishman.

When the French were virtually disposed of, the business of subjugating Southern India had to begin well-nigh again. In the decay of the Mogul Empire an adventurer of commanding talents had usurped authority in the Hindu kingdom which had existed on the highland plateau overlooking the Carnatic towards the East and the sea-coast towards the West. By degrees this man, Hyder Ali, absorbed all the native States within his reach, and at length resolved on making a supreme effort to become master of all India south of the Krishna. It was not till the hard-fought

victory of Porto Novo was won that the first check was given to the conquering career of Hyder Ali, and time secured to the English for the accumulation of their resources.

After the invader had been forced to retire within the limits of his dominions, the English were brought face to face with the Maráthás. "The aggressive action of those hardy warriors had, even in the time of Aurangzib, shaken the Mogul Empire to its very basis. After the death of that sovereign they, too, began to dream of universal dominion. . . . Masters of the Imperial cities of Delhi and Agra, of the North-Western Provinces as far as Aligarh, they at length beheld before them only two possible rivals—one of them, indeed, the Sikhs, almost too young to be seriously regarded as a rival—and the English, ruling from the mouths of the Ganges to Cawnpore, and possessors of Bombay and Madras." But for the fact that at the crisis of their destiny the Maráthás were deprived of their renowned leader, Madhaji Sindia—by far the most remarkable man whom India produced in the last century—and for circumstances which kept a considerable portion of the Maráthá Confederacy from engaging in the struggle, it might have fared ill with the English. It was a fight for supremacy through the length and breadth of Hindostan. "For Southern and Western India the question was decided at Assaye; for Northern India at Laswári."

The result of the successful issue of the Maráthá war was the extension of the English frontier almost to the Sutlej. Fortunate was it for us that we became neighbours of the Sikhs at a time when they were, through internal dissensions, unable to put forth their undivided strength against us. Ranjit Singh—the one man who, by virtue of his commanding ability and absolute influence with his people, might not improbably have met the English on equal terms, had just died, and his kingdom had become the prey of rival factions. When the inevitable war broke out the Sikh army, incompetently and treacherously led and miserably officered, succumbed to our better trained and disciplined battalions; but such was the fighting of those splendid soldiers that officers who had seen Albuera and Salamanca and Fuentes d'Onor declared that no battle in Spain was as fiercely contested as was Ferozeshah. "That battle shook the edifice of British dominion in India to its very basis, and impressed our native soldiers with the conviction that the English were not invincible." The Sikh defeat, however, virtually decided the campaign for the time being, for Sobraon was but the complement of Ferozeshah. The result of these victories was that the English Government assumed a protectorate over the Punjab during the minority of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and British officers were nominated with full authority to direct and control all matters in every department of the State.

But the peace was a patched-up peace. The Sikh people had only yielded for the time being. Now they bided their time and waited till an opportunity should arise for striking another blow—this time not for empire but for independence. On our side, with scarcely an exception, not one man in authority apprehended the situation. "The arrangements made with respect to the Punjab were so perfect, the contentment of the people was so assured, the reforms introduced by the English were so popular, that it was heresy to dream of Sikh disaffection. And in point of fact no one on the spot did dream of it." The awakening was a rough one. An outbreak occurred suddenly one day in the hottest season of the year—the time having been deliberately chosen—at Mooltan. The Controller of the Punjab, Sir Frederick Currie, made light of it. When, at another place, two days later, a second outbreak occurred, Currie was as far off as ever from arriving at a just conclusion. He contented himself with directing the Sikh troops at Lahore to co-operate against the malcontents with the British troops at that station. But the Sikhs refused to act. It was necessary therefore to begin operations against Mooltan with British troops only; but the siege was not undertaken till the beginning of autumn. Almost simultaneously with the opening of the besiegers' batteries that portion of the Sikh army which had till then ostensibly held aloof gave its adhesion to the national movement. Thereupon Lord Dalhousie, Governor-General of India, declared that, as the Sikh people wished for war, "they should have it with a vengeance." Lord Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, assumed command of the "army of the Punjab," as it was styled. Then followed the battles of Chillianwallah and Gujrat, which closed the era of Sikh independence. The story of Chillianwallah is admirably told by Colonel Malleon, as indeed is the story of each one of the battles in this book. "The judgment formed after a lapse of more than thirty years, when time and death have assuaged all the passions of the period, is that no British general ever fought a battle so badly as Lord Gough fought Chillianwallah. It was throughout a day of blunders." Fortunately, the Sikh commander was as little skilful as his antagonist. Lord Gough's generalship is severely dealt with by the author, but not unduly so. The Sikhs were just the kind of foes against whom manoeuvres would tell more than direct blows. But Lord Gough was nothing if not a fighting general. In the hour of battle all ideas of strategy, of tactics, of the plan of the campaign, vanished from his mind. He had adopted an excellent plan—not his own—for fighting the battle; but when the moment came for putting it into practice the theory was altogether lost sight of. The Sikh leader wished to bring matters to a crisis, and "knowing the temperament of the British commander that the fire of artillery was the music which would make him dance, he

despatched to the front a few light guns, and opened fire on the British position. The fire was distant and the effect innocuous, but the insult roused the hot Irish blood of the commander of the English army. It 'drew' him, in fact, precisely in the manner designed. . . . Wild with excitement, Lord Gough ordered his infantry to advance and charge the enemy's batteries." In the end, the battle so recklessly engaged was won, but "the victory was certainly of a Pyrrhæan character." For the British retired from the field, to win which had cost them, in killed and wounded, 89 officers and 2,357 men; and they left behind them several standards, six guns, and all their dead. We have not space to refer to Gujrat, a battle which was the complement of Chillianwallah, as Sobraon had been that of Ferozeshah. The Punjab was now finally annexed. "Against the annexation," concludes Colonel Malleon, "I do not venture a single word. It must have come sooner or later, and it was better to take it after a fair fight than to steal it in the manner we adopted towards Oude some five years later. But for the guiltless boy, for the young Maharajah, of whose interests we were the guardian, surely some fitting provision should have been made. Granted that we did well to take his kingdom, by what right did we annex his private estates? This is a question in which the honour of the country is concerned. It behoves it also to demand whether a pension for one uncertain life is sufficient compensation for the loss of a great position and the forfeiture of inalienable private property."

We know of no book so well calculated as is the one we are noticing for giving the student a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the successive steps taken in conquering for ourselves the Empire of Hindostan. It is not simply the story of so many decisive battles. The causes which led to each war are set forth, and the connexion between successive wars is clearly shown. The author has consulted "as far as possible original documents, or the writings published and unpublished of contemporaries"; and, to judge by the list of such given, the labour of composing this excellent work must have been very considerable.

RECENT MUSIC.

THOSE who are admirers of M. Planquette's charming music, and we are sure their number is not small, will be glad to hear that Messrs. Metzler & Co. have published in sheet-music form most of the best songs in that composer's sparkling little opera *Nell Gwynne*, which bids fair to rival, if not to surpass, his other very successful work, *Les Cloches de Corneville*. M. Planquette's music, if not always comparable to that of the late M. Offenbach, is at any rate at times an admirable substitute for it; and, though occasionally somewhat commonplace in form, his work is generally influenced by the spirit of the great composer of opera-bouffe. If opera-bouffe is not to be a thing of the past, it is greatly due to M. Planquette's labours that it has survived; for, with the exception of his work, scarcely any of the later attempts in this style of opera can be considered deserving of success. Of the eight songs which Messrs. Metzler & Co. have sent us, it is scarcely necessary to do more than give their names, as the music is already so well known and appreciated. They are the following:—*Nell Gwynne's* three songs, "Only an Orange Girl," "First Love," and the rustic Rondo, "A work-a-day life's hard," all excellent in their several styles; "The Song of the Clock," "Illusions," and "The Trysting Tree"; the beautiful serenade, "Sweetheart, if thou be nigh," and "Once upon a time." Besides these songs, we have also "A Fantasia" upon the airs in the opera from the prolific pen of Mr. Sydney Smith, in which are introduced, in a very pleasing manner, nearly all the above-mentioned songs, as well as the stately "Pavane" and the "Gipsy music." As a natural consequence also the opera has taken shape as dance music, and Mr. Charles Coote's *Nell Gwynne* Polka and Quadrille, and Liddell's *Nell Gwynne* Galop, Waltz, and Lancers will be welcome additions to the ball-room repertoire of the present season.

Messrs. Enoch & Sons have sent us a budget of songs, all of which are considerably above the average. "The Silent Keys," by Signor Ciro Pinsuti, to words by Mr. Hugh Conway, is a touching little song, which shows the hand of a talented artist, who, from very slender materials, has succeeded in producing an effective and highly-pleasing piece of work; and the same may be said of Mr. Joseph L. Roeckel's "Roses all the way," which, like all his other productions, is full of grace and beauty, and not hampered by an elaborate accompaniment. To some very pretty words by Miss Mark Lemon, entitled "Old Times," Mr. Milton Wellings has set some excellent music, and we feel certain that this song has only to be heard to achieve success, as it is a very charming specimen of its kind. Mr. Berthold Tours is so well known and admired as a scholarly composer that his name alone is sufficient to guarantee the value of a song from his pen; but we think that he has seldom produced a more pleasing and effective composition than "Unforgotten," a song which we have no doubt will command the success it deserves, and enhance his already well-earned reputation. "Jack of 'Ours,'" by Mr. Frederic N. Löhr, is dedicated to "the officers in the British Army," and is a not unsuccessful attempt at a military lyric very much in the same spirit as the many naval lyrics which have appeared of late. It is, perhaps, as well that the army should have its turn as well as the

navy, and it is but fair that the military man should be allowed to assert as he does in this song:—

Merrily, lads, so-ho! They may talk of a life at sea;
But a life on land, with a sword in hand,
Is the life, my lads, for me.

From the same publishers we have also two pieces of dance music, "The Old Lock Waltz," by Mr. Georges Lamothe, and "Fairy Land Waltz," by Mr. R. E. Batho, both effective and good of their kind.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

EUROPEAN travellers in America have often noticed as a singular and somewhat depressing characteristic of the vast woodlands that occupy so large a part of the surface, even in the oldest and most extensively cultivated States, the rarity of song-birds. This may be ascribable in great part to the existence of enemies which in England and in great part of Europe have been exterminated, or so limited in number that to the great majority of their natural victims they are scarcely more familiar than to man himself. Comparatively little as they are heard and seen, nevertheless the wild birds of the Northern Atlantic States are numerous and various; and it is their very variety, the non-intervention of man in their constant mutual hostilities, that keeps down their number. American ornithologists have a wider scope, a much more extensive zoological as well as geographical range, than their rivals in Western Europe. If they have to go further afield for the common, they have no great difficulty in finding specimens even of the rarer kinds; may study at leisure the character, haunts, and habits of species, and even of genera, scarcely to be found nowadays save in the remotest nooks and corners of Western Europe. We have noticed more than one ornithological work profoundly interesting even to the ordinary reader, dealing exclusively with the birds of New England or the Northern seaboard. But Mr. Samuel's account of the *Northern and Eastern Birds* (1), the natives and visitants of the North-Eastern States and British provinces, is none the less welcome that it has had several excellent predecessors. It contains of course all the technical information that is interesting and fully intelligible only to professed students of natural history; but it gives also a mass of interesting and curious facts, of anecdote and observation, gathered from the author's own experience or from the works of others—naturalists, specialists, and sportsmen—equally valuable in a scientific aspect, and attractive to those who take up the volume in simple curiosity, or to amuse a leisure hour. The engravings and tinted illustrations exhibit a great variety of well-chosen examples, representative of every principal class of American birds in characteristic attitudes, the shape, size, and colour of their eggs; and add greatly to the interest, and yet more perhaps to the instructiveness, of the work.

Mr. Tryon's treatise on Conchology (2), of which the first volume only is before us, belongs to the class of technical scientific works, and should be of the greatest interest to the advanced naturalist. To say this is to say that it is not intended for the beginner or the general reader.

Dr. Wharton's *Commentaries on Law* (3) fills a place intermediate between the technical works, which only a professional student would care to attempt, and those general treatises on the principles and philosophy of law which are even more useful as part of a thorough general education than as the basis of professional training. His chapters on the History of American and English Law and on the Law of Nations afford, in fairly popular language, in a sufficiently readable style, and in reasonable bulk, just that general knowledge of the principles and origin of law, as a lawyer of the United States has to deal with it, which is indispensable to any thorough and intelligent appreciation of the common law of the States and of the Codes with which we believe most of the older States are now furnished. On one point especially Dr. Wharton's views possess a grave and direct political interest for English readers. He reviews at great length, with considerable care, and with the more historical fairness that his practical conclusion repudiates the reasonings and the position of his countrymen, the rules laid down for, as well as those established by, the Geneva Arbitration. That the case was decided upon principles which had never before been recognized by either of the contending parties, or indeed by the States from which the arbitrators were taken, that the contention of the American Government contradicted all American traditions, renounced all those neutral claims of which America had been the strongest asserter, and carried the pretensions of belligerency further than England, as the strongest of maritime belligerents, had ever pushed them, Dr. Wharton holds as strongly, argues as cogently, as Chief Justice Cockburn himself. That neither England nor the Union is bound in future either by the rules or the decision is a somewhat startling inference, but one for which the author has much to say, and important authority, English as well as American, to allege.

(1) *Our Northern and Eastern Birds; with Illustrations of many Species of the Birds and accurate Figures of their Eggs.* By Edward A. Samuels. New York: R. Worthington. London: Trübner & Co.

(2) *Structural and Systematic Conchology: an Introduction to the Study of the Mollusca.* Vol. I. By George W. Tryon, jun. Philadelphia: published by the Author. London: Trübner & Co.

(3) *Commentaries on Law.* By Francis Wharton, LL.D. Philadelphia: Kay & Brothers. 1884.

The Records of Living Officers of the United States Army (4) is a work which, as preserving the names and the claims of American officers, is of course profoundly interesting to the American services, and may form the groundwork of an annual or periodical handbook.

Mr. Bowker's little manual on *Work and Wealth* (5) is not an elementary economical treatise, but rather a practical application of familiar economical principles to a few of the more familiar phenomena of social, commercial, and industrial life; for example, the functions of banks, the use of money, the nature of rent, and the distinctions between agricultural and city rents, and other points on which misconception and confusion are apt to prevail, and liable nowadays to produce no little practical mischief in countries governed, like England, France, and America, by the votes of the proletariat.

By co-operative housekeeping (6) Mrs. Peirce means something more than that which has been so largely achieved in this country of late by Co-operative Stores of every kind; but this is the main, or at least the first, object she has in view, this she would have her neighbours attempt and achieve in the first instance.

A ponderous volume published by the State Board of Agriculture sets forth the resources industrial and social of *South Carolina* (7), the last of the Southern States which is likely to attract either capital or industry from without. A more interesting little handbook sets forth the industrial, sporting, and social attractions of *Florida* (8), the market-garden of the Union, perhaps at no distant period the semi-tropical orchard of the world. Florida can send ripe fruit and vegetables northward at the beginning of April. Her rapidly-spreading orange-groves promise a quiet, easy, and certain method of attaining fortune in the course of twenty years to those who can start with an adequate capital and wait for its return. Her climate, her soil, her rapidly-improving social condition, render her, to adventurers who lack the moral or physical hardihood demanded by sheep-farming, cattle-raising, or corn-growing on the great scale, as well as to those who are simply seeking a pleasant home and refuge from the severe winters of the North, the most attractive of the younger States; while her scenery, in its beauty and its utterly exceptional character, the simple hospitality of her people, and the growing facilities of travel, are certain to draw thither a constantly increasing stream of winter visitors.

Mr. Conkling has written a Guide to Mexico (9), which will be of use and interest to intending and to experienced travellers.

Mr. Deming's *Byways of Nature and Life* (10) is a collection of articles contributed to the *New York Evening Post*—articles whose style, substance, and variety testify to capacities which should achieve for its author a very considerable professional success. Few journalists, not many of the most successful correspondents, could write so well upon such a variety of topics. British elections and London fogs; the giant tides and "bores" of the Bay of Fundy; seal-hunting in the Arctic and deep-fishing in tropical seas; the sponge-fisheries of Bahama and the cod-fisheries of Newfoundland; subterranean waters and Mississippian navigation; the social condition and political troubles of the Southern States—are all treated in the same sensible, practical, readable style. Upon sport, and especially upon sea-fishing, Mr. Deming is most at home; but upon natural scenery and popular science, and even on politics, he is seldom at a loss.

Mr. Mead's account of Martin Luther (11) is, of course, one of the innumerable products of the late Tercentenary.

A treatise on historical teaching (12), by a number of historical professors, contains, as might be expected, interesting and instructive matter.

Miss Evans's *Laura* (13) and Miss Litchfield's *Only an Incident* (14) are both above the average level of cheap American novels.

(4) *Records of Living Officers of the United States Army.* Philadelphia: Hammersly & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(5) *Of Work and Wealth: a Summary of Economics.* By R. R. Bowker. New York: The Society for Political Education. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(6) *Co-operative Housekeeping; How Not to Do It and How to Do It: a Study in Sociology.* By Melasina Fay Peirce. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(7) *South Carolina; Resources and Population, Institutions and Industries.* Published by the State Board of Agriculture of South Carolina. Charleston: Walker, Evans, & Cogswell. London: Trübner & Co.

(8) *The Florida Annual.* With large new Sectional Map. Edited by C. K. Munroe. New York: 140 Nassau Street. London: Trübner & Co.

(9) *Appleton's Guide to Mexico.* By Alfred R. Conkling, LL.B., Ph.D. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(10) *Byways of Nature and Life.* By Clarence Deming. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(11) *Martin Luther: a Study of the Reformation.* By Edwin D. Mead. Boston: George H. Ellis. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(12) *Pedagogical Library.* Edited by G. Stanley Hall. Vol. I.—*Methods of Teaching History.* By Dr. G. Diesterweg, Professors Herbert B. Adams, C. K. Adams, &c. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.

(13) *Laura, an American Girl.* By Elizabeth F. Evans. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1884.

(14) *Only an Incident.* By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

FRENCH LITERATURE

ADMIRAL JURIEN DE LA GRAVIERE is indefatigable in his studies of ancient military and naval affairs; and his *Campagnes d'Alexandre* (1), now presented to the reader in five neat and compact volumes (with a map in each, which is, we regret to say, a great deal better than anything to be found in English books of anything like the same price), is a very creditable and interesting monument of industry. The Admiral, as is known to his readers, has a happy, if somewhat garrulous, knack of comparing old things with new which adds considerably to the interest of his books. He compares Alexander's Punjab experiences with Chillianwallah, not, it need hardly be said, to the advantage of Lord Gough, but in no unfriendly spirit to Englishmen; he follows the voyage of Nearchus with abundant erudition, as well as with a careful eye to places, and nobody will be surprised to hear that he is fertile in parallels between Alexander and the First Napoleon. Perhaps more copious citation of chapter and verse from the original authorities might be desirable, but that is not the older French fashion. In that fashion the Admiral has produced a readable, instructive, and by no means unamusing book.

M. d'Avenel's book on *Richelieu et la monarchie absolue* (2) is somewhat oddly named. It is in reality a long, careful, and valuable summary of the political and economic condition of France at the moment when the great Cardinal changed its state and constitution. The King and his prerogatives, the chief officers of State, the various forms of popular or class representation which survived in the early days of the seventeenth century, the gradual exaltation of the monarchical principle, fill the first book. The second treats of the extremely complicated subject of the noblesse, its rights, functions, and titles, the customs which regulated its succession and property, its habits of living, its amusements, its language, &c. Finally, M. d'Avenel discusses the causes of its decadence. The third book passes to the civil service, and discusses it in the same minute way. The whole fills two stout volumes, and there are two more to come. So vast a mass of matter naturally defies criticism in detail. But where we have examined M. d'Avenel minutely he stands the test very well; he is evidently very well read in unpublished as well as published authorities, and he uses his reading with judgment and writes with clearness.

We have to notice two new parts of M. Vivien de St.-Martin's vast *Gazetteer* (3), which has reached the article "Jausiers."

The first volume (nine hundred closely-printed and frequently illustrated pages of double columns) of the supplement of M. Wurtz's *Chemical Dictionary* (4), the body of which already forms five stout volumes, has appeared.

M. Richet's "Psychological and Physiological Fragments" (5), as the more modest sub-title of his book runs, consists of essays on subjects such as mesmerism, intoxication, alcoholic and other, demoniacal possession, and the like. They are purely materialist in tone, and not remarkably subtle in explanation; but they are not without merit as collections of facts with a kind of commonsense commentary.

Monseigneur Maret (though by the way one of his chief opponents holds, and we think rightly, that general usage is wrong in employing the term Monseigneur except in the vocative) has in his *Vérité catholique* (6) surveyed the teachers of the age, from Hegel to Büchner, and from Comte to M. Renan, of course from a strictly orthodox standpoint.

Very good things may be said of M. Mainard's capital little treatise on versification in M. Lemerre's school series (7). It costs but a franc and a half, and henceforward "Hadst thou not fifteen pence?" will be a sore question to a bad versifier in French. Varieties of rhymes and rhythms, a dictionary of syllabic pronunciation, notes on cæsuras, and the like, duly occur, and there is the famous list of rhymes unrhymable, such as "fourche" and "sceptre," and the like. One of these, by the way, in the present fancy of Frenchmen for Gallicizing foreign words, might be made to vanish from the list. There is no exact French equivalent for "scamper," and the naturalizing of it as a verb would at once supply the singleness of "pamper" with a consort. As thus:—

A travers ce beau pampre
Le faune agreste scamper.

But this is only a humble suggestion derived from the very extraordinary vocabulary of some modern French books.

We are glad to see that the *Tentation* (8), perhaps the most pocketable of all Flaubert's books, has made its appearance in M. Lemerre's *Petite bibliothèque littéraire*.

Every one who has seen it and every one who has not ought to

(1) *Les campagnes d'Alexandre*. Par le vice-amiral Jurien de la Gravière. 5 vols. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Richelieu et la monarchie absolue*. Par le vicomte G. d'Avenel. 2 vols. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Nouveau dictionnaire de géographie universelle*. Par Vivien de St.-Martin. Fasc. 22, 23. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Dictionnaire de chimie*. Par A. Wurtz. Supplement, Part I, H—K. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *L'homme et l'intelligence*. Par C. Richet. Paris: Alcan.

(6) *La vérité catholique et la paix religieuse*. Par H. L. C. Maret, archevêque de Lepante. Paris: Dentu.

(7) *Traité de versification française*. Par L. Mainard. Paris: Lemerre.

(8) *La tentation de St.-Antoine*. Par G. Flaubert. Paris: Lemerre.

be glad to hear of the reimpression of M. Robida's charmingly extravagant and nonsensical *Tour enchantée* (9). It is, as we can testify from experiments duly made, equally welcome to small children who cannot read French and to large children who can.

Some of our readers may be surprised to find us reviewing Louvet's questionable "Chevalier" (10); indeed, M. Jouaust ingeniously confesses that he is rather surprised to find himself printing it. His excuse that his reprint is very dear (which it is) does not strike us as a triumph either of ethics or logic, and his *tu quoque*, addressed apparently to the Naturalists, though perfectly justified in fact, is not an excuse, for two blacks do not make a white. But it is true that *Faust* is something of a classic, and, as Carlyle has it, a "symptom of much" in French history; it is also true that its sins against decency have been a little exaggerated, and it is most true of all (though M. Jouaust does not say so) that its intolerable deal of verbiage and sentimental rubbish to a halfpenny worth of obscenity make it a very tough morsel for amateurs of that kind of matter.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MOST people of a modest turn of mind will think that Mr. Buckland is very moderate in saying that "there are two different classes of people who know very little about India" (1). If by this he means only two, he is certainly complimenting us all very much, for it is the sad truth that there are many besides "your old Indian who knows only one Presidency," and "your real rural Englishman," the two ignorant persons instanced by Mr. Buckland, who have a plentiful lack of knowledge on this subject. There is consolation, however, in learning that this ignorance is not without excuse. Mr. Buckland says himself that India is not easy to know. The reader who is as anxious to correct his defects in this respect as he ought to be will find that he can do it very pleasantly with the help of this book. A great deal of what Mr. Buckland has to say about the organization of our administration in Bengal, for he scarcely touches on the other Presidencies, has already been said by Colonel Chesney, in his standard work on Indian Polity, but it will bear re-telling. There is more originality in the chapters on the "Social Life" of the country. The author gives a good deal of space to the unofficial part of the English community; and at the end there is a chapter on "Native Life" which shows clearly enough how hard it is for an Englishman to learn anything beyond the mere surface about the people he has to live among.

It can scarcely happen to any man who labours with pen and ink to enjoy better luck in one respect than has befallen Mr. Genung. His study of *In Memoriam* (2) makes a little volume such as rarely gladdens the heart of any author who publishes in England. In respect of printing, paper, and margin it is a credit to Messrs. Macmillan. Mr. Genung's study itself will be found useful, and esteemed accordingly, by people who have a guilty feeling that they do not in the least know what *In Memoriam* is all about, and who would like to be instructed. He describes the poem, divides it into a first, secondly, thirdly, and to conclude, reduces many of the stanzas to the plainest prose, and withal points out "those inquiries concerning God and man and unseen things which fulfil the deeper purposes of *In Memoriam*."

Every line of the *Notes on Painters and Painting* (3) made by Mr. McCraig, banker at Oban, is entitled to careful study. Like a true lover of the beautiful, he begins by bursting into verse. "Artists and poets," he says, about the middle of his poetical introduction:—

Artists and poets have a sense of right,
A keen sense of virtue and honour bright;
Artists and poets, with their feelings keen,
Distinguish the right and wrong in the scene.

Argal, they are helping forward the happy time coming when "life eternal shall still be the goal, The end and reward of the pious soul. And may this my song be, the morning star, To herald this glorious dawn from afar." We share in Mr. McCraig's pious wish, though not with much confidence. His criticism, when he reaches it, with this "right butter woman's rank to market," is scarcely so superior as his lofty ideas about art lead the reader to expect. He finds the statue of Diogenes "a most striking one, and almost a perfect likeness of the late Mr. Potter, director of the City of Glasgow Bank." The statue of Pericles "is a perfect dandy—tall, slender, graceful, with a most delightful expression of face—the very image of a young linen-draper from New York we met at the ball-room of the Grand Hotel, Nice, of the name of Richardson."

Joyful through Hope (4) is the history of a worthy young lady named Hope, who marries a clergyman with a poor living, and finds how hard it is to get along with three hundred a year when

(9) *La tour enchantée*. Par B. Robida. Paris: Dreyfous.

(10) *Les amours du chevalier de Faublas*. Par Louvet de Couvray. Vols. 1, 2. Paris: Jouaust.

(1) *Sketches of Social Life in India*. By C. T. Buckland, F.Z.S. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

(2) *Tennyson's In Memoriam: its Purpose and its Structure*. A Study. By John F. Genung. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

(3) *Notes on Painters and Painting*. By John Stuart McCraig. Paisley: J. & R. Farlane.

(4) *Joyful through Hope*. A Story. By Blanche A. L. Garrock. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1884.

you have eight children and various other relations to look after. Hope, however, keeps a smiling face, and is even equal to making Irish stew without meat. To such a woman all things are possible. A better living comes, the wicked are converted, and Hope ends with her constitution still unimpaired.

Mr. Watt's *History of a Lump of Iron* (5) is a fair specimen of the science-made-easy style of book so common nowadays.

While Dr. Murray's great Dictionary is being completed a sale should be found for a new edition of Dr. Stormonth's *Dictionary of the English Language* (6), which is being revised and enlarged.

A great addition to our knowledge of the statistics of India is made by the publication of the second and third volumes of the *Census of the Panjab* (7).

Our list of reprints includes a neat paper-bound edition of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* (8), and two very pretty volumes of the poetry of Mr. J. Brent (9). Mr. Grindon's *Scripture Botany* (10) belongs also to the class of reprints, as it is a collection of articles which have already appeared in newspapers or magazines. The author has carefully revised them, however. Mr. William Graham's *Creed of Science* (11) has reached its second edition; and so has Mr. Proctor's treatise on *The Management and Treatment of the Horse* (12). The reader of magazines and newspapers blessed with a long memory will recognize some old acquaintances in Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Essays on Women" (13). A complete edition of the works by the author of *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* (14) is being published by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.

Mr. Charles Kent has torn handfuls out of Dickens's novels to make a collection of "Humour and Pathos" (15). This style of book has been judged and condemned long ago; but editors will always be found to make them, and it is only too probable that readers will long be found to encourage them.

Pontes (16) is the name given by its authors, S. A. D. and E. L., to a slim little school book intended to introduce the schoolboy in the gentlest possible manner to a knowledge of the Latin tongue.

Miss Yonge has subjected two of Shakespeare's plays, *King Henry the Fifth* and *King Richard the Second* (17), to the pruning required to fit them for reading in schools. Each play is supplied with an historical introduction and a summary.

Mr. Nichol's *Tables of European History* (18) has reached its third edition.

(5) *The History of a Lump of Iron*. By Alexander Watt. London: A. Johnston. 1884.

(6) *A Dictionary of the English Language*. By the Rev. James Stormonth. Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

(7) *Report of the Census of the Panjab*. By D. C. J. Ibbetson. Lahore: printed by the Superintendent of the Central Govt. Press.

(8) *Lays of Ancient Rome*. By Lord Macaulay. London: Longmans & Co.

(9) *The Poetical Works of the late John Brent, F.S.A.* London: Kent & Co. 1884.

(10) *Scripture Botany*. By Leo H. Grindon. London: F. Pitman.

(11) *The Creed of Science, Religion, Moral, and Social*. By William Graham, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

(12) *The Management and Treatment of the Horse*. By William Proctor, Stud-Groom. London: Allen & Co.

(13) *The Mayfair Library—Ourselves: Essays on Women*. By E. Lynn Linton. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

(14) *By-and-By: an Historical Romance of the Future*. Higher Law. A Romance.

The Pilgrim and the Shrine. By William Maitland. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1884.

(15) *The Humour and Pathos of Charles Dickens*. Selected by Charles Kent. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

(16) *Pontes*. Eton: E. Ingallton Drake. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1884.

(17) *Shakespeare's Plays for Schools*. Abridged and annotated by Charlotte M. Yonge. *King Henry the Fifth* and *King Richard the Second*. National Society's Depository, Westminster.

(18) *Tables of European History, Literature, and Art, from A.D. 200 to 1882*. By J. Nichol. Third edition. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons. 1884.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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FINANCIAL INFORMATION, JUNE 1, 1883:

Total Funds	£3,002,005
Total Annual Income	£333,188
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,257,381
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus ...	£437,347

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BONUS.—£437,347 was distributed amongst 7,882 Policies at the Tenth Quinquennial Division of Profits. Of these 1,070 are now, by means of Bonus, not only altogether free from the payment of Annual Premiums, but have, in almost every case, additions made to the sums originally assured by them.

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INCOME AND FUNDS (1882).

Fire Premiums

Life Premiums

Interest

Accumulated Funds

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REPORT of the DIRECTORS, presented at the 78th ANNUAL MEETING at the Office, on Wednesday, January 30, 1884.

The Directors have to report that the transactions of the Provident Life Office during the year 1883 have been highly satisfactory.

Proposals for new Assurances amounting to £679,080 were received. Policies for £375,520 were issued and taken up, producing new annual Premiums amounting to £19,770, as against £19,211 for the previous year. These Assurances and new annual Premiums respectively represent the actual net amounts. No re-assurances were effected during the year.

The Proposals, declined and not completed, amounted to £181,560.

The Claims for the year were £199,255, being £29,416 more than the corresponding sum for 1882.

The annual Income is now £310,271, being an increase of £9,388.

During the year the sum of £19,080 was paid for the surrender of Policies. The values paid upon Bonus Policies ranged from 33 per cent.—the minimum surrender value—to as much as 93 per cent. of the Premiums received.

The total Funds of the Office on December 31 last were £2,323,284, being an increase of £34,197, a result very satisfactory considering the special extra payments required to be made on account of the recent division of Profits. The average interest realized was 4 1/2 per cent., as against 4 1/4, during 1882.

The large measure of public support received by the Provident Life Office—as shown in the still increasing amount of new business—is gratifying evidence that persons desirous of effecting Assurances are wisely alive to the advantages given by an Office which has all the experience to be gained from a successful existence of seventy-eight years, and which is ready to adapt its practice to the requirements of the present day.

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